Charles Black on Death Row Pardons • Poem by John Updike

...hurow on Merger Mania • Morton Kondracke from China

T44017RITZZZFH TNR 0979
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

April 28, 1979

Price One Dollar

Henry James's Sex Life

Africa's Democratic Instinct

## Under the Shiny Surface

*Ken Bode on Ken Auletta's New York City*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to buy a typewriter.

—Clip and save—

Choosing a portable typewriter isn't hard if you know what to look for. This brief guide will help you make the best choice.

**Test the feel.** Check the slope and height of the keyboard. Check the size and shape of the keys. Make sure the controls are uncrowded and easy to reach.

Test the feel of a Smith-Corona® electric typewriter against several other brands. We welcome the comparison.

**Try the touch.** A responsive touch makes for better, easier typing. Look for a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable.

When you test a Smith-Corona, for instance, note how smartly the carriage returns. Press a button—zip—the carriage is back where it started.

**Listen to the sound**—the typewriter is trying to tell you something. If it sounds tinny, beware. This may indicate that the construction is too light.

**Note the look of the type.** Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

**Check the overall design.** Good design is part of good value, so choose an attractive modern instrument. The Smith-Corona shown is an example of classic, good design.

**Look at the carrying case.** Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Does it have sturdy latches, locks and hinges? The Smith-Corona case does.

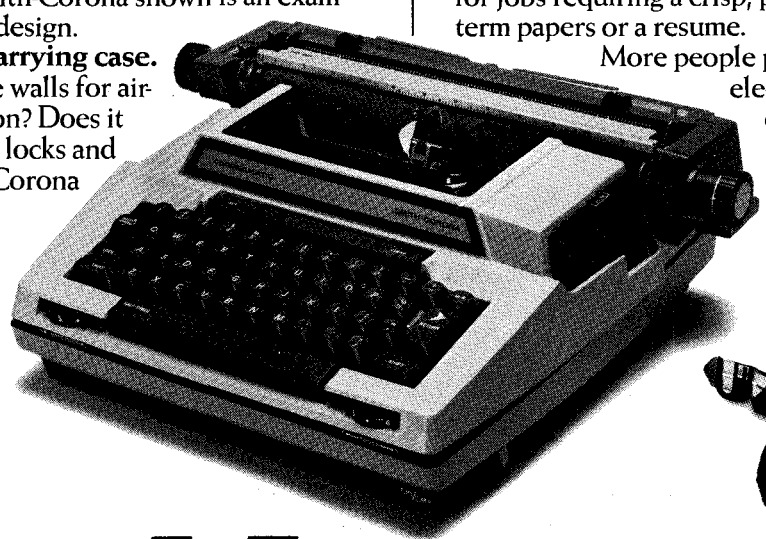
**Check the price.** A typewriter that sells for substantially less than others might be substantially less typewriter. If the price difference is minimal, you're probably better off paying a few extra dollars for the typewriter that tests best.

**Ask who makes it.** Smith-Corona makes every single typewriter that bears its name, not true of most other brands. So consider the maker's reputation. A company with a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

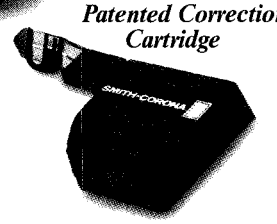
**A note about ribbon systems.** Smith-Corona offers a unique cartridge ribbon and cartridge correction system. It lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors neatly, quickly and easily. Not all correction systems produce equally good results. Test and compare.

**Be sure to try the Smith-Corona carbon film ribbon.** We offer a re-usable nylon fabric ribbon, excellent for ordinary typing jobs. This is the only kind of ribbon most portable typewriters offer. But Smith-Corona also offers carbon film ribbon in five colors. It's the kind of ribbon the most expensive office typewriters use, and it's perfect for jobs requiring a crisp, professional look such as term papers or a resume.

More people prefer Smith-Corona electric portables than all other brands combined. After these tests, we think you'll know why.



*Patented Correction Cartridge*




SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRB

from Washington
April 28, 1979

## Hubris and Nemesis

Washington is waiting, waiting. Congress is back, after going home to find what voters are thinking. The voters are thinking mean thoughts; they are anxious and surly. The voters are waiting, too. Everybody is waiting. Are we going into a recession? Are we going to pass SALT II? Are we going to change America's lifestyle because of oil? Will Brezhnev last long enough to meet Carter? It is like Kansas before a tornado. It is like England before D-Day. Congress is idling because it doesn't know the answers: there has hardly ever been an interval with less done. Everyone feels that this may be some kind of take-off point. Take-off to where?

It could be just a fretful, short-range period, of course, but there are elements now of long-range significance—a chapter ending, another beginning. This is the 60th anniversary of America's abdication in 1919-20 of its role as world leader, when it rejected the League of Nations. That isolation lasted about 25 years and brought Hitler and World War II and Pearl Harbor. After that the United States picked up the role that its dominant power prescribed, ended the war with the magnanimous Marshall Plan, inspired the world with the American belief in steady economic expansion and helped give the world 30 years of peace.

Where do we go now? The Greeks had a word for it: overweening pride they called *hubris*, and they said it was always followed by *nemesis*. American hubris took us into Vietnam, and after that we got Watergate. As American self-confidence sagged, world confidence in American leadership sagged, too; there has been a serious worldwide recession which shook confidence in the dollar, and there was confused leadership in Washington which made our friends and allies wonder about America's international wisdom. What now?

One school of thought argues that America has overreacted to Vietnam and now is suffering from a guilt complex. John Connally and other sabre-rattlers take this line. It may have been true for a while but I think that public wavering about SALT now is mostly caused by uncertainty. Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, a presidential candidate, is not, thank goodness, poisonously partisan like Henry Cabot Lodge, the Republican leader who helped kill the League. I was present when Baker, the other day, told a group that he is "leaning against SALT." He is an alert, attractive man with an open face, who is essentially decent. He helped pass the Panama Canal treaties, which squeaked through by two votes. Conservatives are going to use that Panama vote against him in his try for the GOP nomination. He thinks the Senate should "modify SALT but not reject it"; the Russians would only "pout and posture." He argues that SALT as proposed would limit America's genius for innovation and put us on a level with Russia which imitates but can't compete with our inventiveness.

How about this argument? I asked Marshall Shulman, Vance's special adviser on Russian affairs, on leave from the Russian Institute at Columbia University. "Our allies would regard a decision to delay as foolhardy," he said. "They would lose confidence in our ability to manage the security relationship with the East."

And the Russians—would they just "pout and posture". . .? "They would react strongly and negatively," he said. Delay might strengthen the men around Brezhnev who, like America's own hard-liners, think they have already given up too much. The agreement is skillfully drafted, Shulman insisted, to give America's innovative genius all the scope it needs.

So that's one angry debate Congress faces. It is doubtful if the vacation gave members much illumination on the public's attitude to SALT.

How about energy? Congressmen repeat the public is anxious, confused and sullen. Many think there is no oil shortage. Why should expanding global population and contracting global resources cause America to accept a new lifestyle? Why indeed; and yet here is a report of the prestigious CED (Committee for Economic Development) by Harvard's Thomas Schelling, declaring that oil prices may double by 2000: "The energy problem," Schelling says with quiet finality, "is not to keep the price of fuel from rising. It is to meet the rising economic cost of fuel with policies that minimize the burdens, allocate them equitably, avoid disruptions in the economy, and keep the costs from rising more than necessary."

The situation shaping up here could well promote a conservative revival. Like the isolationists 60 years ago the hard-liners could reject a foreign entanglement. Any arms agreement the Russians were willing to sign they would automatically oppose. There is also linkage between the foreign and the domestic fronts. Few people here believe any longer that President Carter can make a soft landing out of the present double-digit inflation: a recession could strengthen a negative mood. There is a new group of vigorous conservative newcomers in Congress who think, rightly or wrongly, that their chance has come. Meet inflation, they urge, by less government, less regulation and less taxation, and by retrenchment generally. The GOP Kemp-Roth proposal would reduce taxes by a third over three years; the mandatory balanced budget amendment for the Constitution would, like the Prohibition amendment, exorcise evil ways for all time.

The overwhelmingly Democratic Congress feels a kind of paralyzed alarm, a quiet panic. No wonder it doesn't legislate.

Reporters smiled indulgently the other day when GOP leader Baker told us that Republicans would win the Senate next year. Currently the gap is vast, 61 to 38, with one independent. I don't think the GOP can make it. But next year 24 Democratic seats are up and only half as many Republicans. If the GOP does as well as it did in 1978 it would be devastating; Republicans would take the Senate for the first time since 1954, when Bob Taft was majority leader. And what a carnage of liberal committee chairmen: Strom Thurmond replacing Ted Kennedy in Judiciary; Jesse Helms for George McGovern in Agriculture; and so on down the line: John Tower at Armed Services; Bob Dole, Finance; Orrin Hatch, Human Resources. Improbable, maybe, but these are improbable times as everyone is waiting, waiting.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of INDIANA

*Serving America's Union Families*

## Contents


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **TRB from Washington** | **3** | Hubris and Nemesis |
| **Comment** | **5** | News From Uganda |
| **John Osborne** | **6** | White House Watch: Something Out There |
| | **7** | Correspondence |
| **Lester C. Thurow** | **10** | Bigness and Badness |
| **Charles L. Black Jr.** | **12** | Governors' Dilemma |
| **Morton Kondracke** | **13** | Amiable but not Congenial |
| **David Landau** | **17** | Let's Talk Turkey |
| | | **Books and the Arts** |
| **Stanley Kauffmann** | **24** | Films: Wring Out the Old |
| **Richard Hall** | **25** | An obscure hurt: The Sexuality of Henry James: Part I |
| **John Updike** | **28** | Poem: "The Visions of Mackenzie King" |
| **Ken Bode** | **31** | *The Streets Were Paved with Gold* by Ken Auletta |
| **Burton J. Bledstein** | **34** | *American Academics* by Logan Wilson |
| **Richard J. Walton** | **37** | *Domestic Affairs* by James Duffy |
| **Brief Review** | **39** | *Ghost Images* by Stephen Minot |
| **Washington Diarist** | **42** | As Bartlett Once Said |



### Comparative Financial Review

| | Years ended December 31, 1978 | 1977 |
|---|---|---|
| Total Income | $ 65,137,912 | $ 52,823,191 |
| Benefits and expenses | 54,870,616 | 46,046,539 |
| Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses) | 10,267,296 | 6,776,652 |
| Provision for income taxes | | |
| Current | --- | --- |
| Deferred | 2,792,809 | 1,909,150 |
| Income before realized investment gains (losses) | 7,474,487 | 4,867,502 |
| Realized investment gains (losses) | (120,433) | 11,364 |
| Net income | 7,354,054 | 4,878,866 |
| Earnings per share | | |
| Income before realized investment gains (losses) | 4.35 | 2.88 |
| Realized investment gains (losses) | (.07) | .01 |
| Net income | 4.28 | 2.89 |
| Assets | $ 144,993,410 | $ 116,651,027 |
| Insurance in Force | $1,504,894,000 | $1,289,000,000 |

**AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INS. CO.**

**a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 144 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:**
**Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board**
**P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703**



## THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 180, No. 17, Issue 3355, April 28, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.


Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. **Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

*Cover: "Canadian Club," 1974, by Richard Estes (Neumann Family Collection). From* Richard Estes: The Urban Landscape. *Essay by John Canaday, catalogue and interview by John Arthur. Copyright ©1978 by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. A New York Graphic Society Book published by Little, Brown & Company. Painting reproduced by permission of Richard Estes. Article on page 31.*


## Staff

**Editor**—*Martin Peretz*
**Publisher**—*Robert J. Myers*
**Managing Editor**—*Michael Kinsley*
**Literary Editor**—*Jack Beatty*
**Executive Editor**—*Morton M. Kondracke*
**Senior Editor**—*John Osborne*
**Politics Editor**—*Ken Bode*
**Assistant to the Editors**—*Gwen Somers*
**Films and Theater**—*Stanley Kauffmann*
**Poetry Editor**—*Robert Pinsky*
**Production Manager**—*Dorothy Wickenden*
**Literary Assistant**—*Ann Hulbert*
**Staff Writer**—*Stephen Chapman*
**Production Assistant**—*Lisa Derman*
**Contributing Editors**—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer*
**Staff Photographer**—*Jeff Vinson*
**Rights and Permissions**—*Dara Buckner*
**Circulation Manager**—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
**Business Manager**—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
**Assistant Business Manager**—*Donna Melson Arthur*
**Bookkeeper**—*J. Kristine Klasman*
**Director of Advertising**—*Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
**Advertising Coordinator**—*Elizabeth McGee*
**Receptionist**—*Ruby McGowan*
**Staff Associate**—*Robert Howard*
**Leadership Network Advertising**—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

April 28, 1979

# News From Uganda

Africa is still unknown to most of us. It has not yet made any real impact on the Western mind. To the Western explorers of the last century it was the Dark Continent, whereas Asian countries were known to have had ancient civilizations of their own. They knew nothing and we know little of the African states that emerged during the Middle Ages, or of great African leaders like Sunni Ali and Askia the Great in the 15th century. A hundred years ago Western powers occupied 10 percent of Africa; a quarter of a century later they dominated 90 percent of the continent's vast territory; and barely 50 years after that the Westerners were packing their bags and leaving under what Harold Macmillan called the "winds of change." No wonder a name like Zimbabwe sounds new to us, and does not recall the great kingdoms of which it was the center.

The abduction of more than 10 million slaves—more than three million to Brazil alone, less than a tenth of that number to North America—had its impact on the growth of Africa. But in spite of this dark history, the West in the end gave back to Africa many of the West's own ideas. As one historian has said, these Western ideas "became crucial ingredients of modern African nationalism." As elsewhere, the West redeemed itself by bringing along, with its guns and its Bibles, the idea of democracy—democracy as the West itself once believed confidently in it. If the West had continued to believe, it would not need to apologize.

The extraordinary fact about this old-fashioned, even dowdy, liberal democracy of ours is that it digs into people's minds. It remains as an idea—a weapon, even—to which people will return. There are always some people who "keep the faith" in extreme conditions. But not only the few! Not only the elites! Even as a popular idea—give "the people" a chance—it keeps its dull strength. What is really important about the insistence of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan on the superiority of Western political ideas is not that there are quick victories to be won, and that suddenly all will be sweetness and light, but that the West as the creator and bequeather of those ideas must not seem to lose its faith in them, just when other peoples still look longingly to these ideas. So it is healthy for the West to see at least some intimation of those ideas acting, with African hands on African guns under African leadership, to remove a monster like Idi Amin.

The fall from power of Idi Amin is more than an augury for other pretentious tyrants of the new Africa. It is also a defeat for those who try to shore up that breed. One should not forget the Soviet Union's stake in Amin's survival. As recently as last month, Saudi Arabia was still throwing money and guns at Kampala so that the official thugs could keep on killing. The religious fanatics in Riyadh considered it to be in the interest of Islam that Amin not topple. And that of course was the motivation of the crazed Colonel Qaddafi of Libya whose hapless troops were wasted along with ample Libyan cash in the futile effort to preserve a putative Moslem at the top of a country where most of the people are not Moslems. Indeed, the bitter Ugandan experience of recent years, including the expulsion of Asians, points again to the essential incompatibility of development and democracy with religious and racial zealotry.

This has not been an easy or happy century for the liberal idea of democracy. Too often "the masses," *lumpen* and gullible, and not "We, the People," individuals and separate, seem to have been the only popular forces. At the same time, the extraordinary thrust of the Western powers across the world came abruptly to an end, its work half done. The British used to joke sardonically about this. At first the new countries seemed to be ruled by men educated at the London School of Economics; when these men fell, they were replaced by men trained at the Military Academy at Sandhurst. But at the end of this century, the idea of democracy still clings, among the ordinary people of Uganda, and even in a man like President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, whose early promise and most recent achievement is tarnished by his own (and this puts it squeamishly) ever more callous disregard for the rights of Tanzania's dissidents. The people of Uganda, whom



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nyerere's soldiers and their own exiles have freed from the shadow of murderous caprice and paranoia, just seem pleased that the nightmare is over. No desire for vengeance; dancing but not the shouting of slogans in the streets; just a return to reality.

Of course we should brace ourselves for disappointments: one is not much of a liberal democrat if one is not ready for disappointments. But we should think and act as if the disappointment can at least sometimes be averted. The events in Uganda will not have their real worth for us unless we feel the strength of the undercurrent by which the humane ideas of democracy go on tugging at people. This tugging is apparent in the insistence of Yusufu K. Lule, the educator who succeeded Amin, that judicial forms and judicial reality be among the first of the restorations to be affected. This is the maturity that lies waiting in Africa. It is this that we cannot let down, and in which we must keep our own faith. The bother about democracy—this the dictators never understand—is that it makes people more mature. It makes them feel responsible, for themselves and for their actions, and not least for the complexity of being free. We cannot shudder when people sometimes stumble at this first prod of individual responsibility.

From time to time, they flirt with communism, in one of its forms. They believe its promise, that it is a shortcut to technology: a shortcut, as Lenin put it, to electricity. But the promise is not then fulfilled; it does not work. They are left as poor and drab as peasants on the steppes. But far more important, communism seems parochial to them. The truth of the matter is that, without arms or terror, communism has proved itself to be parochial wherever it has gone in 60 years. But there seems to be something universal in the Greek-Hebrew-Christian vision of man, drab as it sometimes seems and without any very good tunes to play. We must return to Senator Moynihan's refusal of the "double standards" which the West, for too long, has so cravenly tolerated in the United Nations. It is not primarily a question of whether an active policy in support of "human rights" will save a life here or there, although it may, but that we do not let down an idea that we sowed under people's skins and which they now cannot be rid of. It is the most patronizing racism to say that we dare not judge third world states by the common standards of decent governance we know to be true. And if Uganda can refuse to replace dictatorship by dictatorship, why should we not expect the same from Iran?

We must expect from Africa crafts of statesmanship like the ones we have seen from Nyerere. He took the lead. He sent in his troops. He invaded the territory of a fellow member of the Organization of African Unity, thereby destroying the superstition that borders established by the colonial powers with contempt for demographic realities must be treated as sacred writ. He risked the surely amazing fact that no other member of the OAU has objected to his action. He was clear in his motive; he was limited in its execution. "Put out no flags" might have been his motto. Nyerere could do all this in part because no one can question his long and steady opposition to white rule in Africa. His country is one of the poorest on the continent, one of the 25 poorest in the world, and yet it can lead and do. He should be helped now to get rid of the last vestiges of white dominance to the south.

White rule in Africa must end in order to give the lesser Nyereres a chance. Without the symbolic presence of Rhodesia and South Africa, the blacks would have to assume responsibility for their own actions and destiny without the excuse on which the demagogues can always fix, that there still are whites in control, the common enemy of them all. A lot of whites have stayed in Africa under black rule—it is their land, too—and they need our confidence as much as the blacks. Africans must be left now to clean up Africa. We must be capable of seizing symbolic moments in history, and there is no doubt that the Tanzanian invasion of Uganda is one. Africa changed last week.

**Corrections**

Last week's issue failed to credit David Rubinger for the picture above the banner on the cover, and failed to identify the picture as that of Rabbi Moshe Levinger. A map of Israel on page 19 of the same issue mislocated Jerusalem inside the West Bank, rather than on the border between the West Bank and Israel proper. (Most of Jerusalem has been part of Israel since the state was founded in 1948.) The map also failed to show the border between the Sinai, which is being returned to Egypt as part of the recent peace settlement, and the Gaza strip, which was never part of Egypt.

## White House Watch

# Something Out There

This report is derived from marginal accounts of the federal response to the breakdown of a nuclear power reactor, now recorded in history and in all of our minds as "the Three Mile Island disaster," that occurred on Wednesday, March 28, at Middletown, Pennsylvania, 10 miles from the state capital at Harrisburg. The principal source is 800-plus pages of transcript of Nuclear Regulatory Commission discussion, over six days, that was supposed to be private and was publicized by Congressman Morris Udall's House Subcommittee on Energy and Environment. The subcommittee's release of the transcripts was an abuse of congressional privilege and of executive agencies'



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Correspondence

## Two and a half cheers for special assistants

*To the editors:*

Nicholas Lemann's piece on special assistants in Washington, which you have chosen to highlight on the cover as "The Art of the Toady," (*TNR*, April 7) deals with a form of Washington employment that does indeed deserve more than a passing glance. But I cannot help thinking he and your cover are a bit too hard on the institution, and impute to its members a scheming worldliness that may sometimes be the case, but is far from the whole story.

My earliest exposure to Washington (too many years ago to specify) happened to be in a household stuffed with the breed, known as Hockley. Its alumni fanned forth into various pursuits that included publishing the *Washington Post*, conducting vital arms control negotiations, and acting as right-hand man to James F. Byrnes when he was, in effect, assistant president for economic affairs during World War II. In retrospect they were indeed a cocksure lot, ready to think big and take on anyone in argument, but the Potomac Fever they exemplified and transmitted was a pretty public-spirited feeling.

In 18 later years in various arms of government, I never happened to serve as a special assistant, but did reach the point where I actually had one or two. Unless I am grossly mistaken, they seemed to my "line" colleagues not only useful but quite as dedicated as any regular civil servant or longer-term political appointee. If they were arrogant, it was in telling *me* what I was doing wrong—which I often needed; in the workings of the office, they were invaluable for fresh ideas and for pulling things together, and I don't see how any person at the level of an assistant secretary or higher can operate at full pitch without one or two, such are the pressures the whole system places on a few designated officials.

So instead of the rather grudging or even snide acceptance of a practice that Mr. Lemann reflects, I would give at least two and a half cheers for special assistants. They provide a lot of indispensable yeast in the operations of government, and usually emerge in my experience with a healthy and lasting appetite for service. And if they at times overstep and get people's backs up, is this not what their chiefs at best need and want or at worst condone?

*William P. Bundy*
*New York, New York*

## Author's query

The estate of Thornton Niven Wilder (1897-1975) is seeking from the late author's friends and colleagues information about him and his work. Material will be acknowledged and original papers returned as soon as copied. Interviews may be requested by Gilbert A. Harrison, who has been selected as my brother's first and only authorized biographer. Please reply to:

Gilbert A. Harrison
c/o Brandt & Brandt
101 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10017

*Isabel Wilder*
*Hamden, Connecticut*

## Public policy analysis programs

*To the editors:*

The *New Republic* deserves a lot of credit for bringing the values underlying the design of public policy analysis graduate curriculum before its readership.

Seth Kupferberg, a Harvard law student, however ("Teaching the Unteachable," *TNR*, April 14), does a disservice to this discourse by limiting his comments to an attack upon one institution, Harvard's Kennedy School. Nationally public policy analysis programs, including our own, are acutely sensitive to the need to teach decision-making analysis beyond efficiency and cost-benefit considerations. Political and organizational criteria, for example, are integral elements in the decision analysis we teach our students in order to help them to respond to issues, design and evaluate programs and construct strategic plans. Kennedy School case materials, by the way, provide valuable help to us in teaching these skills.

Kupferberg quotes a Kennedy School student as saying that her education was fine for students who already have strong political views and philosophies. Precisely right. Just like law schools, public policy analysis programs are not organized to teach a political line, but instead to teach students how to effectuate public action consistent with their own personal values. Public policy analysis, like law, should not be taught as a governmental substitute for the democratic political process, and professional analysts, like lawyers, are not being taught to substitute their judgment for the judgment of democratically elected officials.

Finally, public policy analysis programs may deserve credit for finally steering public sector professional education away from an exclusive preoccupation with process, to a perspective focused on the kinds of policy outcomes (housing units, health services, reading programs) which directly affect the quality of Americans' lives. We hope that we are preparing professionals who can systematically and clearly present choices about these questions to both elected officials and the general public.

*Mark L. Drucker*
*Graduate Urban Studies Program*
*Southern Illinois University*
*Edwardsville, Illinois*

*To the editors:*

As a graduate of the public policy program at Berkeley, I feel certain that I escaped some of the alleged failings of Harvard's program. Yet I cannot resist the urge to comment on Seth Kupferberg's fears concerning the new class of public policy professionals who will soon be running our government.

What may well be happening is that public policy graduates along with their policy-oriented economist cousins are simply displacing lawyers as the government "mandarin class." The problems of how to allocate scarce resources and balance competing political and economic values in the development of social, environmental or energy policy have replaced earlier New Deal concerns with regulation and control through legal mandates. The demand for analytic skills based on an understanding of microeconomics, political and organizational issues and quantitative methods has increased. Thus it is quite natural that professionals with training in public policy would begin to emerge.

What is interesting about the criticism of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government by Mr. Kupferberg, a soon-to-be Harvard lawyer himself, is that the very points he chooses to make about public policy training apply equally to training in law. He asks how general

*(continued on page 39)*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right to confer in private. But—and here is one of those admissions that become increasingly necessary to journalists in this decadent age—the release of the documents was a public service. The White House assistant who remarked that the NRC proceedings would not have been nearly as informative as they were to him and to the public if the commissioners had known they were talking for eventual publication was correct. A few White House accounts that probably would have been available without the Udall transcripts also contribute to this report.

What we are discussing is the nuclear peril that was imminent and the greater disaster that could have resulted from the plant breakdown at Three Mile Island. We are talking about the possibilities that caused Governor Dick Thornburgh of Pennsylvania to say, after Jimmy Carter had decided the useful and politic thing to do was to show himself at Middletown, that "all of the safety assurances in the world" and "all the celebrity in the world" cannot erase the general awareness "that something out there is powerful and strange and not entirely under control."

The awareness that something out there was not entirely under control and that the beast was in immediate and demanding existence at Three Mile Island burst upon Jimmy Carter and his people at the White House the morning of Friday, March 30. The news of trouble at Three Mile Island broke the morning of the 28th. Simply because Press Secretary Jody Powell saw no reason on March 28 to brief the scraggy media crew known at the White House as "the regulars," there was no recorded White House mention of the beast that day. Powell said on March 29: "Our understanding is that, based on information available, there is no off-site hazard associated with this incident." There never was, as it turned out, in the sense of proven radiation from the crippled reactor. My reading of news accounts, the White House apologia and the Udall-NRC transcripts is that the media exaggerated the immediate perils and, if anything, understated the potential perils implicit in the Three Mile Island mishap. The anti-nuclear community's view, some of it asserted by crums who've been looking for a cause since the end of the Vietnam war, that the Three Mile Island disaster justifies the end of all industrial nuclear power programs and endeavor, is callow nonsense.

At a press briefing at 12:35 p.m. on March 30, Powell said that "there are no plans" for the President to visit Middletown and indicated that the notion, suggested by a reporter, that the President was neglecting a chance to demonstrate national leadership was silly. Powell said the President was on top of the situation, that "the White House" (a term that for 13 years I have refused to use except in reference to the building) was overseeing all needed federal support, and that "Jessica Mathews is coordinating the task force." Jessica Tuchman Mathews is the daughter (the lovely daughter, feminists won't forgive me for noting) of historian Barbara Tuchman. The first federal coordination fell to her because she is the National Security Council's expert on nuclear proliferation, foreign arms sales, and the use of reactors to produce nuclear weapons materials. Her expertise is not in the organization of federal assistance in domestic disasters.

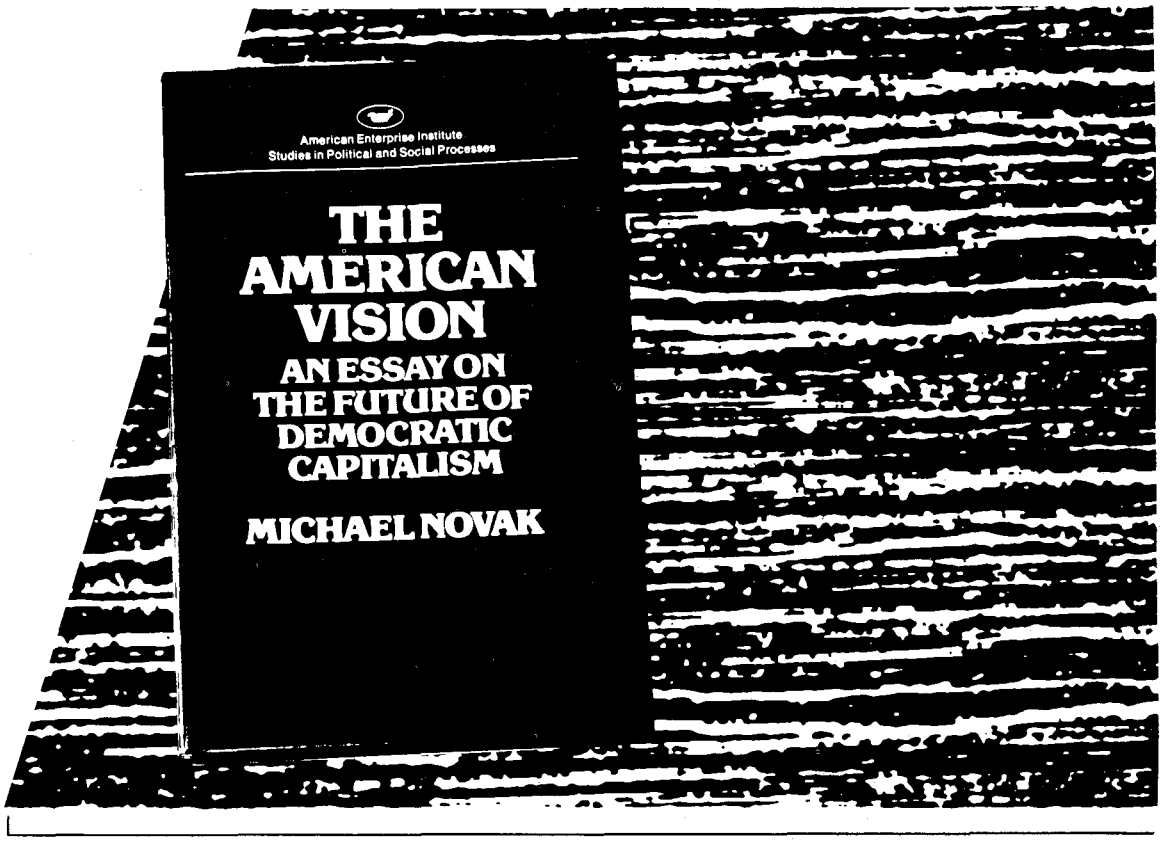
The assignment to the NSC and its head, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and to her as Brzezinski's assistant, never made much sense. After a talk with Joseph Hendrie, chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, on the morning of the 30th, Carter realized for the first time the possible import of the plant accident and also the need for broad federal coordination. He had Brzezinski call Jack Watson, the President's Cabinet secretary and assistant for communication with state and local authorities. Brzezinski had his military assistant, Colonel William Odom, and Mathews confer with Watson and his deputy, Eugene Eidenberg, at around 11:30 a.m. At a 1:30 meeting with NRC, and various disaster relief agencies, the transfer of coordination from Brzezinski-Mathews to Watson was agreed and recommended to the President. Carter approved in a memo to Brzezinski and Watson. Powell announced the change that afternoon. It soon became known that Mathews had quit the NSC. Her quitting had nothing to do with the coordination job. Two years with Brzezinski, a horrendous nagger, had proved to be enough for her (echoes of Henry Kissinger and his bullied NSC assistants!). I was also told by a senior NSC colleague that Mathews hoped to be chief assistant to Brzezinski's deputy, David Aaron, and decided to quit after Aaron chose her associate, Army Lieutenant Colonel Leslie Denend. Mathews says that is untrue. She's a biochemist. She says she wants to get out of government and "back into science." I have to believe her.

The commercial telephone system in the Harrisburg-Middletown area was jammed with calls to and from people living near the Three Mile Island plant. Carter and Watson had the White House Communications Agency, the Army Signal Corps unit that serves the President, establish open telephone lines between the White House, the NRC headquarters in a suburb of Washington, the plant site and Governor Dick Thornburgh's office in Harrisburg. The lines from Middletown were hooked into a loudspeaker in the commissioners' meeting room. The White House lines were not. Chairman Hendrie's conversations with NRC technicians at the plant site and with other commissioners were recorded and appear in the released transcripts. His and others' conversations with White House officials were not transcribed.

In the case of Press Secretary Jody Powell, who was charged with coordinating public statements concerning the disaster, that was just as well. His four-letter references to journalists who might be expected to, and did, oversimplify and exaggerate and make the most of



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


American Enterprise Institute
Studies in Political and Social Processes
THE AMERICAN VISION
AN ESSAY ON THE FUTURE OF DEMOCRATIC CAPITALISM
MICHAEL NOVAK

# THE AMERICAN VISION

This pioneering study by the noted social philosopher and columnist Michael Novak explores the links within the "trinitarian" American system - the three-in-one political, economic and cultural system that constitutes liberal (or pluralistic) democratic capitalism.

Novak examines the competition between the two major American elites - the business elite and the "new class". He also sets forth a strategy for a spirited intellectual offensive on the part of democratic capitalism.

Make checks payable to:

**American Enterprise Institute**
**Department 870**
**1150 Seventeenth Street, N.W.**
**Washington, D.C. 20036**

Available for $2.75

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

differences between what different officials said, would have seemed harsher than they actually were if they'd been in the published transcripts. Hendrie repeatedly instructed the NRC's chief reactor technician at the plant, Harold Denton, and its chief press spokesmen, Joseph Fouchard and Frank Ingram, to check everything they said to the media with Powell before they said it. Fouchard told Hendrie, "I've talked to Jody Powell and what they want to be sure of is that we don't get a yo-yo with us saying something up here and you saying something different." An exaggerated report that the damaged reactor core was close to a disastrous "meltdown" caused profane and agonized discussions between Powell, Hendrie and Fouchard. Hendrie said that "poor Jody is trying what seems a futile attempt to keep everybody from running in all directions with public statements" and that "I feel for Jody—I've had the same problem with creative interpretation."

Carter decided during a flight to Wisconsin on Saturday the 31st that a visit to Middletown would be a good thing, after all, and announced his intention to go there at the end of a political speech in Milwaukee. His departure from Washington Sunday was mentioned during a commission meeting that afternoon. The visit to the plant was neither mentioned nor described. While Carter was there, being photographed in protective boots, the commissioners discussed in horrifying terms the worst-case possibilities of a meltdown, a hydrogen gas explosion, and total evacuation of the Middletown-Harrisburg area. At a cabinet meeting the next day, Carter said he'd been exposed to less radiation than a medical X-ray would have caused and savagely denounced the media for exaggerating the dangers. Later he made the same point publicly, in much milder terms.

On Tuesday, April 3, the commission learned from a front-page story in the *New York Times* that Carter intended to have a presidential commission investigate the disaster and the NRC's handling of it. Powell had indicated the possibility at his press briefing the previous day but had said no decision had been made. Hendrie checked with him and was told that the *Times* story, though "not factually inaccurate," overstated what Powell had said. The commissioners were distressed because they intended to conduct their own investigation of the accident and their handling of it, including their acknowledged bafflement and early fumbling. The question on Tuesday was whether they should upstage the President by announcing their investigation, defer quietly to him, or proceed on their own without saying anything about it. Commissioner Peter Bradford told the others that "Kitty"—Katherine Schirmer, the White House domestic policy staff's energy specialist—had confided privately to him that a presidential commission was being considered. Hendrie consulted Jack Watson's deputy, Eugene Eidenberg, and was told flatly that the President was going to appoint his own commission, regardless of what the NRC did.

Commissioner John F. Ahearne reported that he and Commissioner Bradford had met the previous evening at the White House with Jack Watson, presidential science adviser Frank Press, and other members of the Watson task force. "The sense that I had," Ahearne said, "was that they were just beginning to construct their thoughts. Frank Press was leaning toward the presidential commission approach but the others hadn't really thought very much about it." The President appointed his commission in due course. The NRC decided to proceed with its own investigation of itself without announcing it. Chairman Hendrie, a great one for wisecracks at the direst times, and the others discussed the possibility of setting up a special investigative body and relying upon outside consultants. "I used to be a consultant myself," Hendrie said. "And you know, if there's anything a consultant enjoys it's a good investigative commission. By George, you know, people don't question your vouchers, you just send them along. It's wonderful."

---

*Note*: I inexcusably and erroneously reported last week that State Department Counsel Matthew Nimetz is a son of World War II Admiral Chester Nimitz.

**John Osborne**

Conglomerate mergers are a silly target for liberals.

# Bigness and Badness

Senator Kennedy has introduced a new antitrust bill to stop the current wave of conglomerate mergers. The bill would prohibit mergers between companies with assets or annual sales of more than two billion dollars. Mergers would also be forbidden between companies with assets or sales over $350 million unless the merging companies could prove that competition would be enhanced, that substantial efficiencies would occur, or that they were divesting assets equal in value to those being acquired. If passed, the bill undoubtedly would have the desired effect of stopping conglomerate mergers.

But should the effect be desired? What good results flow from prohibiting conglomerate mergers? Should such legislation be a priority item for liberals interested in improving the performance of the economy? Will it make the economy more competitive? Unfortunately the Kennedy bill is another band-aid that, if anything, makes a currently illogical set of antitrust laws even more inconsistent. What is needed is a wholesale



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rethinking and revision of our antitrust laws—not another accretion.

I realize that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, but there is something wrong with a bill that forbids the creation of firms with sales or assets of more than four billion dollars, yet does nothing to eliminate the 56 industrial and transportation companies, 70 financial companies, 18 utilities or nine retail companies that exceeded this limit in 1977. If large companies cause bad economic, social or political effects, then we should get rid of large companies. Why only proscribe the creation of new large companies through mergers?

More importantly, there is no reason to believe that large firms are bad for the economy or that the economy would be better off without conglomerate mergers. Consider General Motors, with its $55 billion in sales and $27 billion in assets (1977). Regardless of its size or its share of domestic production, General Motors is in a competitive industry as long as we allow free trade in automobiles. The important competitive factor in automobiles is international trade—not size or market share. Conversely the protection from imports just extended to the American textile industry and the American steel industry makes them non-competitive industries regardless of the sizes of the firms.

If one wants to make the US economy more competitive, prohibiting conglomerate mergers is much less important than removing the trade barriers in our economy. Instead of doing this, we are increasing them. The list of protected industries—steel, textiles, shipping, cheese, TV sets, sugar, etc.—is long and growing longer despite the Tokyo round of tariff reductions. Also, deregulating trucking and ocean shipping undoubtedly would bring more competitive benefits to the economy than anything that can be done in the conglomerate area. If one wants to focus more narrowly on antitrust, the oil industry, with its ownership of alternative energy sources and its joint management of particular oil fields, would seem to be more fertile ground.

But what about conglomerate mergers? Do they help or hurt the economy? On balance they are probably more helpful than harmful. One does not need to believe that private markets solve all problems to believe that private markets are good at solving some problems. Firm A can only afford to buy firm B if A can earn more profits from B's assets than B can. Megalomaniac conglomerate mergers will collapse, just as many of the conglomerates of the late 1960s collapsed in the 1970s.

Some large firms are inefficiently run. In our industrial system, mergers are the only effective way we have for replacing inefficient managers with efficient managers. In theory, the stockholders of the inefficient company should throw out their inefficient management. But this requires a level of knowledge and organization that most random collections of stockholders do no possess. Prohibiting conglomerate takeovers would eliminate the one way our economy has of removing inefficient managers of large firms.

Conglomerates also can lead to another type of efficiency. Our economy is marked by both managerial capitalism and internal financing. In 1978, gross corporate saving (retained earnings plus depreciation allowance) was $184 billion. This was 58 percent of all the savings that occurred in the economy. Corporate managers, however, have a tendency to reinvest these earnings in activities under their direction rather than searching for the highest rate of return, regardless of whether it is or is not under their direction. By allocating investment funds to their own activities, they maximize their own prospects. Managerial opportunities expand and salaries rise. The stockholders might be better off if the company were gradually liquidated and they were able to invest both their earnings and depreciation allowances in a different enterprise, but the manager would lose out if this happened, so it doesn't.

Consider the US steel industry. Since World War II, it has consistently earned a rate of return on capital far below the national average, but at the same time it has reinvested billions of earnings in itself. From the point of view of economic efficiency, those investments ought not to have been made. We ended up with billions misinvested and an industry that can survive only with the benefit of government protection. The stockholders are poorer than they ought to be and American consumers of steel are paying more than they ought.

Conglomerates have the advantage that the firm's investment committee surveys a variety of activities when it makes its investment decisions. Firm managers are profit maximizers in either case; but they are profit maximizers over a wider variety of activities in the conglomerate. And as a consequence, they are much more apt to invest the firm's internal savings efficiently.

Foreign experience should also make us reluctant to prohibit conglomerate activity. The world's most successful economy since World War II, Japan, is marked by the conglomerate form of industrial organization. Many other factors also have contributed to Japan's success, but apparently there is nothing incompatible about the conglomerate form of organization and economic efficiency.

For all of these reasons, there does not seem to be a case for banning conglomerate mergers and takeovers. If the goal is to make the economy more competitive, there are many other more effective techniques. Trade restrictions can be eliminated, various sectors of the economy can be deregulated, and specific industrial policies can be designed for problem industries such as energy. On balance, conglomerate takeovers probably help the economy more than they hurt it. They are the only effective technique for replacing the management



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of inefficient large firms and they may improve the allocation of internally generated capital. Foreign experience does not indicate any incompatibility between conglomerates and efficiency. There may be particular types of conglomerate mergers that should be prohibited, but a detailed case needs to be made. There is no general presupposition that conglomerate mergers are bad for the economy.

**Lester C. Thurow**

*Lester C. Thurow* is a professor of economics and management at MIT and author of *Generating Inequality* (Basic Books).

May they commute all death sentences?

# Governors' Dilemma

The Supreme Court over the last few years, by divided votes, has stamped with its approval the death-penalty laws of many states. I think their reasoning in these opinions is grossly insufficient, and have written often giving my reasons for thinking so. But whatever you and I think about that, the fact is that some 483 people are now ticketed for death throughout the country. For most of them the only hope now lies in commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, either by the governor of the state or by whatever other person or persons may be vested by the state with clemency power.

Some governors are in a predicament only a little less harrowing and dreadful than that of the people on death row. At last reckoning of continuously mounting totals, 119 people now stand condemned to die in Florida, 75 in Georgia, 105 in Texas, 40 in Alabama. But even three or four, as in Kentucky or Montana, must weigh very heavily on the heart and mind of the person who has inescapably at last to decide whether the electrical current shall flow through the human body.

Some governors in the past, while personally not believing in the death penalty, nevertheless have felt obliged to commute selectively. They have felt that commuting of all death sentences would be a forbidden nullification of state law. Michael Di Salle of Ohio, whose deep humaneness shines in his book on the subject, seems to have been of this opinion, and it is obviously a respectable one. With respect, then, I think it is an erroneous opinion, at least as to the present problem. I think a governor may conscientiously commute all death sentences in that governor's state. I shall not attempt weighing the political likelihood of this. There may be a John Peter Altgeld out there; to such a governor, and to those who may have the ear of such a governor, I address myself.

First, I do not see why, in the general case, a person distinctly empowered to exercise clemency under state law, and in no way limited by that law as to the reasons for exercising it, may not legitimately use the exercise of clemency to give expression to deeply held moral views. Legislators, empowered to pass laws, vote on this basis. Why may not governors, just as plainly and just as broadly empowered to commute, do so on the same basis? Of course it would not be very practical for a governor generally to choose among the laws, and to pardon all who violated the criminal laws not agreeable to the governor. Considerable restraint in this regard would be the course of prudence and of political morality. But the death penalty is (even in the opinion of the present Supreme Court) unique, and stirs profound depths of conscience. Turn the question around and ask, "Must a person who, under a specific power given by law, can save the lives of certain human beings, and who believes the taking of those lives to be wrong, nevertheless refrain from saving the lives?" I suggest that a general deference, in the common run of matters, to legislative judgment, is an insufficient reason for saying this person must refrain from saving lives.

But the entirely general question does not exhaust the subject. We are a deeply divided society on the matter of capital punishment. The governor who commuted all death sentences (like the president who vetoes a bill) would by that act be expressing the consciences of a considerable constituency, albeit a minority. Bowing to nearly universal sentiment is one thing; bowing to the sentiment of a perhaps temporarily emplaced majority is quite another. A governor might legitimately believe not only that the penalty of death was wrong in itself, but that it was especially wrong to inflict it in a society deeply split on its morality. All our constitutions are built to give the executive some power to act negatively in the name of and with the support of a considerable minority. If there is any legitimate power of this sort, no more suitable occasion for its exercise can ever occur than this one.

But I do not leave the matter there. There is another quite different argument to be given. A governor who is unconvinced of the *constitutionality* of the death penalty ought to feel free—perhaps even bound—to express that judgment by commuting all death sentences. The proud, venerable and obviously right precedent is the pardoning by Jefferson of all those convicted under the Alien and Sedition Laws, on the express ground of his own belief that those laws were unconstitutional, although they had been upheld by Supreme Court justices on circuit, and would beyond serious doubt have been upheld by the whole Court if a case had ever



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reached it. "The Executive," Jefferson wrote in a letter to Abigail Adams, "believing the law to be unconstitutional, was bound to remit the execution of it, because that power has been confided to him by the Constitution." There is no defiance of the Supreme Court in this, or even any clash with it. That Court has not said that the death sentences must be carried out, but only that it perceives no constitutional objection to such sentences. Is it really thinkable that the governor who after consideration disagrees with that constitutional judgment, and considers that pending executions will be unconstitutional, must let them take place anyway? Here again some deference, for comity's sake, might be wise in ordinary matters, but not as to the matter of free speech, which Jefferson faced in the precedent given, and not as to the ultimate question of inflicting death by law.

There is a legitimate variation on this argument that makes it less subjective. Two of the greatest humanitarians in our political history—Alfred E. Smith and Herbert Lehman, both governors of New York—commuted all death sentences affirmed by divided vote in the New York Court of Appeals. Now there have been dissents to every Supreme Court judgment upholding the death penalty—dissents reflecting the cleavage in the legal community on the constitutional question, a cleavage which is evidence of doubt as to the rightness under law of the result reached. It seems to me that a governor may quite legitimately, and with the sureness of foot that comes from following a path beaten by men such as Smith and Lehman, give effect, by commutation, to the perception that there is not, even in the official legal system itself, freedom from doubt as to the constitutional question. Practically, this course further recommends itself because the Supreme Court already has gone through what can only be perceived as several flip-flops on this issue, and may change again, as time produces changes in the Court's personnel or perceptions. It can hardly be that a governor who believes the Court's decisions are wrong, and therefore vulnerable to later, better arguments, or who believes with Smith and Lehman that dissent marks doubtfulness, must let some people die in the meantime.

**Charles L. Black Jr.**

*Charles L. Black Jr.* is Sterling Professor of Law at Yale.

China is ardently pursuing friendship, but it's still a closed society.

# Amiable but not Congenial

## by Morton Kondracke

*Beijing (Peking)*

The show that the People's Republic of China puts on for visiting "American friends" these days is designed to win their confidence, sympathy and support, no matter who they are. Touring American businessmen are shown signs of creeping capitalism. Liberals see evidence of new cultural and intellectual openness. Conservatives are treated to stirring anti-Soviet lectures. Mothers and dads are bused to kindergartens to be won over by bouncy, rosy-cheeked Chinese children. All Americans get smiled and waved at on the streets. When there is a question of who goes through a door first, the Chinese almost always defer. American visitors—20,000 of them this year—are meant to come away with an image of China as poor but proud, warm, friendly, striving for a better life, westward-looking, liberalizing and unified around its leaders (after an unfortunate period of discord) and their goal of modernizing for national strength. When visitors return home, if they have been handled right, they cannot help but be advocates of what the Chinese in banquet toasts call "perpetual Chinese-American friendship." Only visitors who are innoculated in advance with large doses of skepticism—perhaps best provided by Simon Leys's book, *Chinese Shadows* (Viking)—are likely to keep their perspective and remember that Sino-American rapprochement is recent and so far is only a tactical relationship, an alignment of interests that may not hold together.

What Americans are shown in China isn't all hooey, though. The regime really is embarked on a modernization drive and is anxious to enlist Western methods and money to help it along. In line with Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping's pragmatic approach, China is considering such unsocialist devices as profits, bank credits, decentralization and worker bonuses to encourage enterprise. The incomes of top managers, highly skilled



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

workers and the lowest-skilled workers—$300 per month, $30 and eight dollars, respectively—already reflect about the same relative spread as in the United States (figuring $300,000 a year for a top executive, $30,000 for a senior skilled worker and $8000 for an apprentice). These inequalities probably will get greater. Economics is challenging politics as the chief topic of official exhortation. Every city contains several huge signs showing workers, soldiers and peasants pulling together with scientists—always scientists—toward a technological utopia in the year 2000. The Chinese have always used posters, but lately they have begun to go in for commercial advertising, too. A billboard available for rent in Shanghai reads: "Full and efficient propaganda for your business promotion." There is an engaging (and flattering) candor about Chinese admissions that their agriculture, industry, technology and military all lag far behind the West and that the "four modernizations" program to update them cannot succeed without Western help. China's further admission that it is readjusting its previous overambitious goals for the program only enhances its credibility in the eyes of Western businessmen. Specific new goals and other vital details are not yet decided, but American executives are flooding Beijing, seeing China as a vast opportunity to lend money, drill for oil, build hotels, sell machinery and otherwise make profits.

Along with China's Western economic tilt, American visitors are pleased to note evidence of new appreciation for Western culture. The Boston Symphony tour was a big hit and now, around the corner from the Canton trade fair, a Chinese orchestra's Beethoven concerts are playing to packed houses. Down the street at Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall, the nightly program of the Guangzhou Song and Dance Troupe consists heavily of Western popular songs, many with love themes that used to be considered decadent. Women in the troupe wear Western skirts—even strapless evening gowns—instead of trousers. Only two songs in the repertoire are even remotely political: one about a Russian bedbug (which gets killed) and the other about getting drunk with joy over the smashing of the "Gang of Four."

Western movies are also being shown in China these days, including Olivier's *Hamlet* and Chaplin's *Modern Times*. Some selections from the United States, such as *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* and *Convoy*, a teamster picture, seem odd. "Do Re Mi," from the movie *The Sound of Music* (which is supposed to be here soon) is said to be a big hit with Chinese children. Learning English is also supposed to be all the rage, with kids and adults shown in cartoons crowding around their radios listening to language lessons over the Voice of America. English lessons the Chinese government itself distributes seem to concern traditional topics, though. I overheard one young hotel employee practicing: "When she was 13 she began her revolutionary work. . . ."

Americans see other refreshing signs of cultural loosening. Men and women still are clothed mostly in drab blue, green and gray Sun Yat-sen jackets, trousers and Mao caps. But some women are beginning to appear out of uniform—not in skirts, but in bright colored jackets or sweaters. Chinese women also are experimenting with permanent waves, though pigtails or plain cuts still predominate. At Nanjing (Nanking) University, professors of Chinese literature assure American visitors that increasing numbers and varieties of books are being published in China these days, and that cultural and intellectual life is quickening after more than a decade of suppression during the cultural revolution and the reign of Jiang Jing (Chiang Ch'ing) and her cohorts in the Gang of Four. One popular movie from Hong Kong, *Three Smiles*, is a Ming Dynasty costume farce, the showing of which suggests that the Chinese are being allowed to laugh at the past, instead of being required somberly to condemn it.

During and after the cultural revolution, radical dogma prescribed that the past should be destroyed to build the perfect communist future. Many temples were sacked and treasures were destroyed by rampaging Red Guards. Premier Zhou Enlai (Chou En-lai) saved Beijing's spectacular Forbidden City only by posting troops around it. These days, the government seems to be showing new respect for China's history. Large crowds come to visit reopened shrines, gardens and exhibits of new archaeological finds.

The cultural revolution of 1966 to 1968 virtually wrecked China's educational system. Regular students were sent out to labor in the countryside and their places were given to workers and peasants on the basis of proletarian origin and political attitude, rather than academic qualifications. Professors and learning were reviled and ideological fervor was rewarded. Only lately—meaning, in the new dogma, since the "smashing of the Gang of Four" in 1976—have things begun returning to normal. Nanjing University, for example, has only 4000 students, though it is located in a province of 55 million people. It is planning to increase enrollment to 12,000 over the next five years, and is looking for cooperative arrangements with US universities. A perusal of its library card catalogue indicates that once-banned authors, such as Confucius, are again available for study. The library also contains a full complement of US periodicals, including the *New Republic*. Red Guards are gone from the universities; now, aspiring politicians join the Young Communist League.

It has been written often in the West—and denied often in the East—that a de-Maoization program is under way in China. What actually seems to be happening is the deification—or canonization at least—of Zhou Enlai. Mao's picture still dominates Tien An-men Square, and Mao and Party Chairman Hua Guofeng still stare down from the walls of schoolrooms and offices. But Deng Xiaoping (who appears



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everywhere in news photos, but whose portrait hangs nowhere) seems to have ordered that devotions be paid, and perhaps a cult be created, around his former patron. Zhou is the object of major exhibitions in Guangzhou and Beijing. Posters and pictures of Zhou frequently are displayed in newspaper offices and in universities, in keeping with his reputation as a force for cultural expression and modernization.

While these and other developments—such as drafting of a criminal code—titillate American liberals, visiting hard-liners fall in love with China's foreign policy views. Previous nuclear arms agreements have allowed the Soviet Union to catch up to or surpass the US, say Chinese interlocutors, so they recommend that we should not conclude any new ones. The Soviets are on the march worldwide, they say. China has done its part by "teaching a lesson" to Vietnam, "the Cuba of the East." When is the US going to carry its load?

And so, during two weeks in China, an American is bombarded with satisfying impressions. China wants to be modern like us. It's liberalizing, learning our language, emphasizing science and scholarship. And it shares our geopolitical interests. Isn't all this a good basis for friendship? Well, maybe it is, but we aren't "friends" just yet, and Americans would be foolhardy to become intoxicated with gushy good feelings about China. There is too much about this vast country that Americans don't know and aren't allowed to see. It is wrong to say that US visitors see only Potemkin villages. That implies that what they see is completely false. On the other hand, tours for Americans are carefully planned and guided. Only a few of China's cities can be visited regularly, and some provinces never have been seen by Americans. Tour groups all tend to visit the same schools, housing projects, parks, temples, museums, factories and communes. Foreigners stay in hotels that ordinary Chinese aren't allowed to enter, and eat in separate dining rooms in restaurants. (The Beijing disco seems to be an exception to the rule. For a time, it was closed to Chinese, but lately they are allowed to enter as guests of foreigners.)

Conditions are better than they used to be for learning about China, but they are far from adequate. As late as 1976, ordinary Chinese could get into trouble for talking to foreigners. Now it is possible for an American visitor to "get lost" for part of a day and wander around streets and back alleys. But he doesn't learn much unless he speaks Chinese or is lucky enough (as I was) to be traveling in a group containing Chinese-Americans who do. Even then, it is hard to find out what is going on in distant parts of China or extensive details about the lives of ordinary Chinese. We are not really going to know China until Chinese-speaking Americans can travel freely through the country. China does not publish regular official statistics about itself, not even its population and gross national product, which also limits what we can know. If Chinese want to be "friends" they ought to let us know them the way we let people know us.

Enough is known, though, to suggest that the US should be wary of going too far, too fast with Sino-American "friendship." On the economic front, there seems little doubt that it's in America's interest that China become strong and healthy. A weak, sick, unstable China can only benefit the Soviet Union. But can China become strong? With per capita income (Western sources figure) of only about $400 a year, China is far from strong now. The "four modernizations" program, which calls for China to catch up with the developed world by the year 2000, is very ambitious, and also very tricky to pull off. The world has had few good experiences recently with efforts at rapid modernization. China has more internal control than, say, Iran, but still it faces huge problems. With 900 million people, what China has most of is labor. But what will it do with its peasants and workers if agriculture and industry become technologized? Conversely, it is not clear that a society estimated to be still almost half illiterate will be able to operate Western technology. It's also not clear that workers inured to shoddiness by 30 years of socialism can be motivated to produce goods that compete in world markets.

What assets does China have with which to pay back the money it intends to borrow in the West? China's own economists doubt it will be able to sell steel abroad, so it probably will have to rely on oil and textiles. Maybe China has a lot of oil offshore, and maybe it doesn't. (China's onshore oil tends to be waxy and expensive to process.) China has agreed to let a consortium of US oil companies drill to find out what's there. Meanwhile, Chinese textiles may be able to compete in Asian markets, but will the US allow them in? All these are unsettled questions, and there are others, too, including what interest rate China is willing to pay on foreign loans. That item is holding up final agreement on a US-financed world trade center in Beijing, the one major US-China deal settled on so far. Other ventures also await drafting of a Chinese commercial code.

Modernization has its tricky political aspects, too. Material incentives for production are the essence of the "capitalist roadism," for which Deng was twice purged in the past. Incentives and the prospective emergence of a "new class" of favored technocrats must enrage leftist ideologues, not all of whom are in jail with the Gang of Four. Also, half a generation of Chinese young people who got no education as a result of the cultural revolution are likely to feel left out by the modernization process and may be ripe for exploitation by Deng's enemies. Guangzhou and other big cities reportedly have been hit with crime waves and disorders caused by young people who were sent to the countryside during the cultural revolution, and who have sneaked back to town, but lack jobs and ration cards. There are bound to be millions of other disgruntled young people who aspire to join the new



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elite, but can't get into universities because space is available for only 300,000. Modernization also may mean large infusions of money into urban areas, possibly exacerbating traditional rivalries with rural China, where 80 percent of the people still live.

Another instrument available to enemies of modernization is China's traditional xenophobia. Western clothes and love songs elicited murmured criticism from some Chinese in the audience at the Canton Music Hall. The goodies that China's regime furnishes for outsiders must gall many Chinese. Foreigners get fancy hotels, discos, 12-course banquet dinners and luxury "friendship" stores, while ordinary Chinese make do with two hours of television per night, factory dormitories or cramped apartments, meat once every five days and rationed rice, cloth, cooking oil and other commodities. If there is a line for a plane or train and foreigners come along, authorities push Chinese out of the way to let foreigners go first. If other developing countries provide any example, sooner or later, some Chinese girls—and maybe officials, too—will start selling themselves to get access to Western finery, and that will create added possibilities for instability, especially if the government can't fulfill the expectations it's raised for modernization.

Asked about all this, Chinese officials reply with pat assurances that "more than 90 percent of the Chinese people support modernization." Those who don't, for the moment, are forced to keep quiet. At Nanjing University, a faculty member said about potential instability: "some young people, perhaps childish ones, have put up big character posters (wall posters) that could lead foreigners to think there is instability in China. But you can't see any in Nanjing. We do ideological work and give young people correct guidance in a patient way so that their minds are satisfied. Anyway, the overwhelming number of Chinese young people are patriotic." Whatever goes on in patient counseling sessions in Nanjing, the fact is that plainclothed security police are on duty near "Democracy Wall" in Beijing to prevent dangerous messages from being put up and to tear down any that are. After a few days' experimenting with free speech last December, when poster-writers called for elections and made other "subversive" proposals, the authorities—apparently fearing things would get out of hand—decreed that "the democratic rights of the people" do not extend to criticizing the Communist party, socialism or the memory of Mao Zedong.

Things are loosening up in China, compared to the bad old Gang of Four days, but political discussion still is trapped in sloganizing and toadyism. The Gang of Four itself is everyone's automatic explanation for anything that might be wrong with China. It's unthinkable to mention, however, that the four were all creatures of the revered Mao, and one was his wife. Deng is pursuing precisely the policies of purged former premier Liu Shao-chi, but Liu is still an unpraisable person. The whole rest of the world knows what a butcher Stalin was, and that he consorted with Hitler. But ask even an editor or a university scholar why Stalin's picture still hangs in public places, and the same, learned-by-rote answer always comes out: "everybody makes some mistakes, but we think that what Stalin did was 70 percent good and 30 percent bad." Where the figures come from, people can't explain.

Try to point out that all of China's recent instabilities were perpetrated by its top leadership. Mention the cultural revolution, the purges of Liu, Deng and Lin Piao, the power grab of the Gang of Four and their "smashing." Then ask if Americans haven't some reason to wonder about China's future stability. Answer (again, as if memorized): "China has a collective leadership. The leaders will talk out their differences and there will be no instability." One can only hope for the best, but China's history should lead one to wonder whether coups, purges, mass mobilizations and denunciations aren't inherent in the system.

There are other indications of the limits to China's liberalization. Ordinary Chinese say that imported Western movies are so badly cut that they are unintelligible. Party cadres and other insiders get to see the uncut versions, as well as forbidden imports from Hong Kong and Taiwan. In *Reference News*, the elite are told what is being written about China in the rest of the world, but ordinary Chinese are kept in the dark about this. Even scholars and editors think that China's entry into Vietnam was provoked by Vietnamese border raids. They haven't been told that the invasion was a way of regaining face after Vietnam's victory in Cambodia. Are there rivalries between Deng and Hua Guofeng? "Rumors," say Chinese editors. They do not report rumors, neither do they check them out.

Why have some people been jailed after putting up posters on Democracy Wall? It was "for having illicit relations with foreigners," officials say, and for "selling secrets," though no one says what secrets they possessed. I am even tempted to doubt that English is quite the national craze it's made out to be. For all their friendly, smiling demeanor, no Chinese on the street or in a park tried to speak English to me. All school childen are supposed to be learning English as a second language, but they do not respond if you ask them to say something. A high school group from a Shanghai suburb said through an interpreter that its members were not studying English, in fact. One also gets the sense that China's new respect for its past may be utilitarian only. Temples and ancient gardens may be reopened, but attendants allow Chinese photographers to walk on precious antiques and let incense singe beautiful old tables.

All this suggests in small ways that things are not entirely as they seem. Another case: in a Soochow fan



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

factory (Americans rarely see heavy industry), the Revolutionary Committee has let an out-of-phase poster remain on the walls. It shows Chinese soldiers, sailors and airmen waving guns, flags and bayonets. The caption (in Chinese) reads: "Liberate Taiwan." Of course, the current line (for American consumption, anway) is that reunification with Taiwan should be peaceful. The poster serves as a reminder that countries don't have permanent friends or policies, only interests. The same lesson is taught by the example of Vietnam. The US today is China's "friend," and Vietnam is "the Cuba of the East," but five years ago, Americans were imperialist warmongers and Vietnam was an ally. The same is true of Cuba. Today, China seems to be urging on the US just the sort of action that it condemned after the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion.

Obviously, China wants to be "friends" with the US now because it fears the Soviet Union. But what will this friendship cost? At the moment, China's price is reasonably low: informal cooperation around the world in resisting Soviet advances. But China would like the US to disrupt detente with the Soviets, drop strategic arms limitation efforts and go on cold war footing. China would like a non-treaty alliance among Europe, Japan, the US and itself, under which all the parties would come to the aid of any one that came under Soviet attack. Of course the party most likely to be attacked is China, which meanwhile would add comparatively little military or economic power to others in the alliance. That is what modernization is all about. China wants help in upgrading not only its agriculture and industry, but its military, too. Reportedly it already has begun asking about the most advanced US aircraft, the F-15. Informal agreement to cooperate is one thing, but military aid and any semi-institutionalized alliance will surely give the Soviets reason to fear that their adversaries are bent on an "encirclement" strategy. This could provoke Soviet aggression, rather than prevent it.

It would not be in America's nature to deny China help in modernizing its economy. We are the Rome of the church of prosperity, after all, and we welcome new adherents. As one of the headquarters of democracy, too, we have to welcome China's new liberalization, and hope for more. But there is an Orwellian quality in the way China bombards American visitors with the word "friendship"—as though its constant repetition will inculcate the idea that China is just like Western Europe, Israel or Japan, allies we would fight to protect. But our relationship with China isn't that. Maybe it will become so out of strategic necessity, but vast differences in values and social systems separate us. Before we return toasts to "perpetual friendship," it would be more realistic to raise glasses to the proposition: "may our interests converge and our people get to know each other."

A country that deserves better than being told to get stuffed.

# Let's Talk Turkey

## by David Landau

*Ankara*

Suddenly Turkey is lumbering into the limelight. First there was the facile search for signs of a Turkish-type Khomeini. Western readers and viewers have been informed by now that the issues are rather more complex than that.

Nevertheless, public opinion is becoming concerned, and justly so. A glance at a map—especially an updated one showing the recent progress of anti-Western forces in the area—is enough to invoke "beleaguered bastion" imagery.

And the dangers that loom beyond Turkey's borders are matched by ominous troubles at home. The IMF, the US and German governments and others are currently engaged in a salvage effort designed to inject productive new capital into Turkey's floundering economy. The Ecevit government has decreed drastic austerity measures to persuade the potential donors and investors that their money will be well spent, not squandered to fuel Turkey's racing inflation. Terrorist violence, perpetrated by extreme leftist and extreme rightist groups, continues to take an almost daily toll of lives. The instability of a knife-edge margin continues to plague the politics of the mainstream.

The Kurds, a vast minority centered in the east of the country but with millions of members living elsewhere

*David Landau* is the diplomatic correspondent of the *Jerusalem Post*.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

map by Kenneth Grady

and integrated into Turkish society, are growing restless as their cousins across the Iranian and Iraqi borders struggle for autonomy, and perhaps more.

The government, meanwhile, is assiduously cultivating new friends abroad: Libya and Iraq among fellow-Moslems, Yugoslavia as a leader of the third world. There are restrained but steadily growing ties with Russia. Last year Ecevit signed a "declaration of friendship and cooperation" at the Kremlin. The US arms embargo was lifted in September, after three and a half years; but there has been no joyous reconciliation, as after a lovers' tiff. A residue of bitterness and cynicism remains. Turkey's army, the biggest in NATO after the US, always lagged behind the others in modern equipment. The embargo has put it a whole generation behind.

And there is a sullen preoccupation with Greece, an ostensible ally, rather than with the common enemy to the north.

The worried questions, then, about Turkey's future as an effective member of the Western Alliance, while perhaps alarmist, seem grounded in some worrying realities.

"Turkey will continue to be a member of NATO," says a high official in the foreign ministry. "There is no doubt about it. This is the full intention of the present political leadership—of both parties." Bülent Ecevit's Republican Peoples' party, social-democratic in outlook, is opposed by Suleiman Demirel's Justice party, generally denoted as more conservative. The high official bolsters his assertion with talk of Turkey's "dedication to Western ideals and the institutions of democracy." Such terms are readily and proudly employed by Turks without any of the self-conscious embarrassment they would arouse in the more jaded atmosphere of North America or Western Europe.

The logic of Turkey's strategic posture is rooted in something more persuasive even than its refreshingly earnest "dedication to Western ideals"—geography. Even if Turkey were to agree to grant the Soviets free passage through the Bosphorus in wartime, "we could not be certain that would keep us out of the war," says a top strategist. The Russians could not make do with the right of passage alone. They would inevitably demand the facilities with which to defend it—mainly air and coastal bases close to the crucial straits. NATO, after all, even if deprived of Turkey's cooperation, would surely seek to attack the enemy's warships as they passed through the narrow bottleneck.

And so Turkey would find itself required to stand up to the Soviets, even if it were "nonaligned"—or else make far-reaching concessions of national sovereignty which are unacceptable to virtually every Turk.

Blocking the straits and protecting its own territory from the Russians are, indeed, precisely what Turkey is expected to do in the NATO scheme of things. The Turkish army is not expected to contribute to the defense of Germany or Norway, and the Turkish navy has only a limited task beyond its own waters.

In NATO or out, therefore, the strategic scenario is almost the same, dictated by the physical proximity of Russia in the mountainous northeast and of Bulgaria in the northwest, and by the geographic fact of the straits. It is no accident, says another Turkish strategist, that Germany, Turkey and Japan have gravitated into a strategic entente—against Russia—time after time in modern history.

These hard facts of life are the stuff of the national consensus. They are not challenged—even by so ardent a leftist as Mumtaz Soysal, leading political scientist and commentator, who advocates Turkey's secession from NATO (admitting, though, that in this he currently reflects no serious body of mainstream opinion). His argument is instructive: he no longer believes in an automatic US/NATO response in the event of an attack on Turkey. The West would think and think again before coming to Turkey's aid, he says, despite the imperatives of the NATO treaty. But if Turkey were not in NATO, those same second thoughts and considerations of strategic interest would guide Western decision-making. So why should Turkey continue to restrict its foreign policy with the NATO tag?

There is no wistful pacifism here. Turkey would fight—that is axiomatic, for Soysal as for practically everyone else. And Soysal would want the West to help. He is merely questioning the credibility of the NATO collective defense doctrine in its application to Turkey. I



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What is Ms. magazine and why is it saying all these terrible things?

**"I'm never too thin to feel fat."** Judith Thurman on "The Politics of Body-Image" in **Ms.**

**"Erotica has a sense of humor and good will. Pornography offers guilt."** Kate Millett on separating sex from violence in **Ms.**

**"Califano seems incapable of understanding the difference between goals and quotas."** Backstage with Carter's Cabinet in **Ms.**

**"If men could menstruate, it would become a boast-worthy event, an in-built gift for math, a connection to the rhythm of the universe."** Gloria Steinem, "A Political Fantasy" in **Ms.**

**"Words have never been so misunderstood since 'One size fits all.'"** Erma Bombeck on the Equal Rights Amendment in **Ms.**

**"A fundamental lie about the risk of change: the sexual fragility of men."** Kenneth Pitchford on "Five Lies Men Tell Ourselves" in **Ms.**

**"I have woman-hatred in me, too."** Maxine Hong Kingston, author of The Woman Warrior, in **Ms.**

**"My mother was the only person besides the groom I had ever seriously considered marrying."** Anna Quindlen's diary of a feminist wedding in **Ms.**

First, because they're true. The female half of the world is as diverse, strong, uncertain and up-and-coming as all these thoughts—and many more.

Second, because they need saying. Traditional magazines for women are still trade journals on how-to-please. Even the newer ones just add salaried jobs to work at home, and assume that female human beings must carry a double burden.

**Ms.** is the only popular magazine that sets women free from assumptions; that says everything is possible—for men and for women. Its pages are a forum of new information, shared experience, fun, creativity and support for everyone who wants to change the world—and wants to start by changing tomorrow.

In each issue of **Ms.** you'll find at least one thing that's worth the whole price of subscribing; *something you can't find anywhere else.*

It's your portable friend. A monthly vacation from skepticism.

**Ms.** Magazine and the hope-filled change it represents has probably changed your life already. Isn't it time you read it?

***Mail Card or Coupon Today to get 40% Off!***

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

**Ms. 123 Garden Street, Marion, Ohio 43302**

Thanks, I'll take you up on that!

Please send me *Ms.* for one full year (12 issues) for only $5.97*—a savings of 40% off the regular subscription rate of $10.00 (50% off the single-copy price).

Satisfaction Guarantee. You may cancel at any time and receive a refund of the unused portion of your subscription.

*Check one:* ☐ **Bill me.** ☐ **Payment enclosed.**

*Ms.*
*Mr.* _____
(Please Print)

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____

*For subscriptions outside the U.S., its possessions and Canada, add $2. Please allow 6-8 weeks for your first issue to be shipped.

D547

© 1979 Ms. Magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard similar fears expressed by a leading rightist politician, Senator Kamuran Inan, who bewailed the betrayal of Taiwan, the mishandling of Iran and the weakness of US leadership of the free world.

The mainstream left in Turkey, unlike lefts elsewhere, does not demand wholesale cuts in defense spending as a central plank of its policy. (At 16 percent of the national budget this year, the figure is lower than in the recent past—but still much higher than that of the other NATO allies.) Haluk Ullman, another political scientist and left-wing deputy in Ecevit's RPP, says, "The Turks are born with their army and they live with their army. They don't ask questions." Opinion polls show that this is no more than the truth: a remarkable 95 percent favors maintaining the nation's defense effort at its present level.

In part this is a product of historical evolution. The army was a cardinal institution in national life for centuries under the empire. It was adopted and adapted by Attaturk. Its basic ethos emerged intact and even enhanced from the revolution, the fall of the empire and the subsequent wars. The officer caste still exercises an important though veiled influence upon affairs of state, often through the agency of the president of the Republic, who is traditionally a high officer. And the conscripts are said actually to enjoy their two years of service and look forward to their enlistment. At any rate few try to dodge or defer it.

The huge size of Turkey's army also makes sense economically, in a perverse sort of way. Once you accept that it is the virtually unanimous national resolve to fight all comers, including the Russians, the question of how best to do it is one of cost efficiency. It costs a lot to feed a half-million man army, but Turkey grows her own food and makes her own small arms. It would cost a good deal more than Turkey can afford in hard currency to equip a smaller army with the sophisticated weaponry required to reach the same deterrent and fighting capability.

That, at any rate, is an argument that one often hears advanced by Turks. Foreign military analysts increasingly tend to doubt Turkey's fighting credibility, despite the Turkish soldier's proven martial prowess, last demonstrated impressively on the battlefields of Korea.

The mainstay of Turkey's land army is 2000 Korean-war-vintage M-47 tanks, some of which are being revamped by the insertion of diesel engines, new cannons and radar fire-control. The Turks are short of anti-tank weapons, though they hope that supplies will be stepped up now that the embargo has been lifted. They are supposed to get some 80 F-4 Phantom warplanes to replace their aging fleet of F-5s and F-105s. It is not much even compared to what the neighboring Iraqis and Syrians could put in the field—let alone the Soviets and the Bulgarians.

Still, the same geography that has dictated a precarious existence for Turkey, surrounded by powerful potential foes, has also granted her at least a fighting chance of defending herself, despite the odds. The Soviet border area in the northeast is so rugged that it is virtually impassable for large tank forces: a defender's paradise. Turkey could devote a major part of her strength to the Bulgarian border in Thrace, with a realistic hope of holding an invader there until NATO conventional reinforcements arrived—or until, eventually, the US were moved to cross the nuclear threshold.

On the credit side, then, we have the national resolve—as determined as ever and transcending political differences—and the geographic imperative, which reinforce each other. And we have the fierce devotion to democracy and personal liberty which imbues mainstream political life. If Armageddon breaks out tomorrow, therefore, we would see Turkey out there battling on the side of the forces of light.

The trouble is, though, that the forces of darkness have been sensible enough over the years to avoid an Armageddon. They have been scoring repeated successes at the expense of the West in less spectacular engagements, and often without recourse to arms at all.

Turkey's internal difficulties—the violence, the French Fourth Republic-type politics, and the stirring of ethno-cultural minorities—provide a fertile potential breeding ground for the kind of subversion at which the Soviets excel.

The Turks term the daily assassinations and periodic bloody riots "anarchy," but in fact that is wide of the mark. The various splinter groups on the extreme left and extreme right are purposeful and deliberate in their choice of targets. And the martial law regime which Ecevit has slapped on 13 of the most sensitive provinces has yet to prove its efficacy.

Informed Turks say they are convinced that Kurdish separatism is incited and exploited by the local Communists, who in turn are schooled from across the border in an insinuating design of the classic kind. "The Kremlin seeks in this way to nibble away at Turkish resistance to Russian expansionism," asserts a leading liberal journalist.

Exacerbating these troubles is the debilitating morass of Turkey's economy: inflation now is higher than 50 percent and the unemployment figure generally cited is 20 percent. The austerity measures have wiped out the sense of relatively cheap consumer prosperity which Turkey enjoyed in recent years. Western analysts fault the earlier Ecevit and Demirel governments for failing to respond prudently to the 1973 oil crisis.

The eminently sensible, if painful, conditions which the IMF and individual Western governments are imposing on future aid are seen as demeaning in a nation where the Moslem ethic of stiff pride has in no way been weakened by the secularization and formal



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separation of mosque and state.

The economic woes and the injured sensibilities fuse with a deep and widespread resentment of the 1974 US embargo on military sales to Turkey—a resentment that has not been dissipated by the formal lifting of the embargo. Many Turks contend that a "hidden embargo" is still in force. They say the economic strings currently attached to Western aid offers derive from the same pervasive Greek influence in the US Congress that caused the embargo itself.

The US, they say, is still niggardly in its attitude to Turkey's urgent needs—military and economic—despite political Washington's heightened awareness of the dangers inherent in Turkey's economic malaise. Israel and Egypt are to receive fabulous billions, while Turkey must sweat blood and run the gauntlet of fiendishly effective pro-Greek lobbies for every dollar grudgingly allotted.

The bitterness felt toward Greece, and the resentment against the US, the economic ills and the injured pride—all these elements could develop dangerous centrifugal forces as they spin around inexorably. The political leadership's constant and voluble complaining at the West's parsimony is intended to elicit more generous Western support. But it is building up popular anti-Western feeling at home that could later prove difficult to contain. The government, which is evolving an outward-looking foreign policy in an attempt to diversify Turkey's hitherto almost exclusive dependence on the West, could become unwittingly intoxicated by the heady radical rhetoric of the third world which it is currently embracing with the enthusiasm of a late-wedded virgin. Foreign Minister Gündüz Okçün's elaborate hospitality for an undistinguished ZAPU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) delegation in Ankara last week provoked contemptuous smirks in Western embassies—but also expressions of concern lest Okçün, a diplomatic neophyte whom Ecevit gives his head in these matters, lead Turkey too far too fast along the path of international "progressivism." The romance with Libya has historical roots and oil logic; but there too the risk exists of infection by Qaddafi's special brand of radical Moslem fundamentalism.

The Greek issue is still troublesome. The Turks recognize that their own attitude and actions (the "peace operation" in Cyprus in 1974 was the most dramatic recent expression) actually fuel the obsessive fear of them that the Greeks have. (One wonders each time anew on visiting Athens at the surrealistic eve-of-war atmosphere that pervades political circles there.) The Greeks' fear, in turn, is ably translated into political clout on Capitol Hill and into UN votes—and Turkey suffers as a result. The Turks assure everyone that they have no military or territorial designs on Greece. And yet they are unable to convince the Greeks of this. They cannot bring themselves to make the kind of concessions on Cyprus or on the Aegean issue that might break the deadlock.

Just as serious Greeks fear a Turkish resort to arms, serious Turks sincerely suspect that Greece still harbors territorial ambitions which it intends to realize one day.

US officials confirm that Turkey presses persistently for what it terms "a balanced air force"—that is, a force capable of an attack as well as a defense role. It cites its "regional" concerns as the justification. And it is true enough that southern neighbors Iraq and Syria, though friends today (the Turkish chief of staff and the head of internal security visited Baghdad this month, presumably to discuss the common problem of Kurdish separatism), could become dangerous foes tomorrow, equipped as they are with super-sophisticated Soviet weaponry. Turkish officials note, moreover, that Syria still officially and publicly nurtures a territorial claim against Turkey. Nevertheless, the US reads "regional" to mean the Thracian border region that divides Turkey and Greece. And so Turkey's desire for a balanced air force remains unfulfilled.

It has been observed elsewhere that the end of the arms embargo against Turkey came not a moment too soon: within weeks Iran began to collapse, and the US was able to transfer vital monitoring facilities, smoothly and quietly, to Turkey. But it would be wrong to take that as a sign that the US-Turkish alliance is strong and healthy. The Turks, at any rate, feel it is sickly, and desperately needs infusions of money, hardware and new credibility. They believe, reasonably enough, that the fall of Iran, coming after Afghanistan, Angola, Ethiopia and all the other setbacks of the recent past, should spur the US and the West into a renewed recognition of Turkey's importance to themselves and a new determination to bolster her sagging economy.

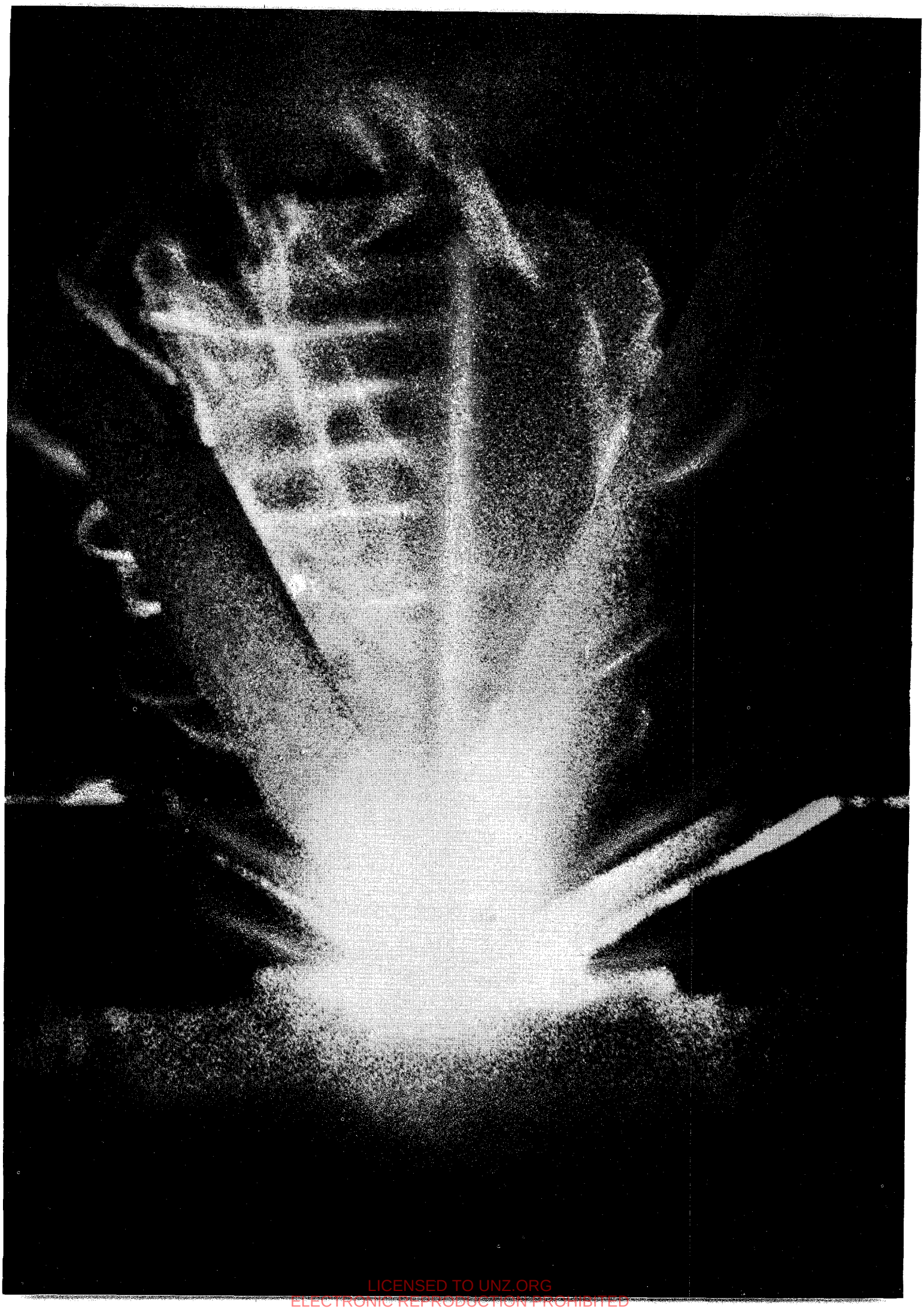
A government statement last week marking the 30th anniversary of NATO declared pointedly: "aiming at the realization of her economic and social development within democracy, Turkey believes that defense cannot be dissociated from economy and economic development."

Many Turks bemoan the political leadership's failure to exploit better the advantages of the present situation. "We have always been too naive, too loyal," says a politician, "and our leaders are preoccupied with fighting each other."

Perhaps the Turks, hung up over Greece, beset by stirrings of separatism and violent disaffection from within, grappling with a too-vigorous democracy and a sadly sick economy, buffeted by new and strangely powerful surgings of Islamic pan-nationalism from without, bereft of oil, beleaguered by potential foes, have been inept or remiss in asserting their case to their own best advantage before the court of Western public opinion. It might be fatally shortsighted, though, for Western governments to leave Turkey therefore to be hoist by its own petard.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

## Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

## Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are reclad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick), coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

## You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond—it's another innovation from Western Electric.

*Keeping your communications system the best in the world.*

Western Electric

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Books and the Arts

## Stanley Kauffmann on films

### Wring Out the Old

François Truffaut is saying farewell—not only to his autobiographical hero Antoine Doinel but also to the times that bore and nourished him. *Love on the Run* (New World) is, he says, the last appearance of Antoine, but nothing in the story itself is final; it ends with Antoine's reconciliation with his latest love after his amiable divorce and after an attempt to re-heat an earlier affair. The farewell apparently is Truffaut's own, to a time in which he felt close reciprocity between his life and film figurations of it.

The series began with *The 400 Blows*, by far the best of the lot; continued with *Love at Twenty*, an episode contributed to an anthology film; then two more features, *Stolen Kisses*, in which Antoine wins his wife, and *Bed and Board*, in which he wanders from her and returns to her and baby; now *Love on the Run*. Three pictures ago I expressed doubts about the wholeness of these films as autobiography, spiritual or otherwise. (It was Truffaut himself who laid this autobiographical criterion on us.) Now that it's all over, the doubts are stronger.

Truffaut put a great deal of himself into *The 400 Blows*—the unhappiness and injuries of his childhood. Its waverings in method keep the film, I think, from fullest effect, but its commitment can't be questioned. From then on, Truffaut toyed with that commitment. Instead of continuing to use autobiography-on-film as a means toward understanding and truth, he began to select and arrange materials to feed his talent for charming us.

How did the anguished rebellious boy at the end of *The 400 Blows* become the well-behaved, concert-going youth of *Love at Twenty*? (And so harmonious with his elders!) The transition is neither clear nor implied. It would seem that Truffaut simply lacked the seriousness to keep on telling the truth yet wanted the name of autobiography without the game. The crucial transitional elements left out of Antoine are Truffaut's passion for film and his talent for the art, both of which were perceived and guided by the critic André Bazin, who became a sort of guardian for the delinquent boy and ordered his life. Truffaut has said that, in Antoine, "he replaced a passion for cinema by a passion for music, and the moviegoing by concertgoing." It doesn't work: first, because classical music was not in the same relation to his generation that film was, and, second, because Antoine is a listener, not a musician. What might have been a drama of redemption through art was thinned out into convenient French-film gaiety, much of it exquisitely done but none of it much different, in specific gravity, from the sort of comedy-romance that Fernand Gravet and Danielle Darrieux made in the 1930s. Antoine was taken off the spiritual barricades to become a job-holder whose chief activities were adolescent pirouettes of skirt-chasing.

True, he has now published a novel and is working on another. Or so the script says: there's little in Antoine's character to make authorship credible—even the minimal ability for application. Antoine's novel seems only one more instrument of self-reference devised by Truffaut. *Love on the Run* is full of such references—including clips—to the past Antoine films; and both the latest and the earlier films are studded with references to still other Truffaut films. Antoine's present girl is called Sabine, which was the name of the child in *Jules and Jim;* hanging on a wall in a clip from *Bed and Board* is the portrait of Oskar Werner as Mozart from *Jules and Jim;* the last shot in *Love on the Run* shows an unknown couple kissing behind a window just as in the first café scene of *Jules and Jim*. The novel that Antoine has published is a further recounting of the stories that Truffaut has already filmed in the previous Antoine films. There is an awe in Truffaut for the complexity and stature of his series that exceeds the series' deserts. (The amount of reference, the degree to which *Love on the Run* depends on prior knowledge, makes me wonder how much the new film will mean to a newcomer.)

Several of the people who were in past Antoine films are, naturally, in this one—Claude Jade, Dani, Marie-France Pisier (who collaborated on the script)—and the kingpin, Jean-Pierre Léaud. Truffaut has told how, in 1958, he selected Léaud out of a group of 13-year-old boys who had answered his advertisement for someone to play the hero of *The 400 Blows*. By that choice Truffaut sentenced Léaud to a film career unlike any other that I can think of. Léaud has played in other directors' pictures: he has even played non-Doinel roles in other Truffaut films, *Two English Girls* and *Day for Night*. (In the latter he played an actor directed by Truffaut, who played the director.) But in none of these other films—the Truffaut films particularly, *Day for Night* most particularly—has Léaud dimmed our awareness that he's the man whom Truffaut picked to represent himself. In a way, it brings Truffaut himself into, say, the Godard films in which Léaud appears. (Did, for instance, Godard want in *Masculine Feminine* and *La Chinoise* a suggestion of the Truffaut persona?)

If it's difficult to think of Truffaut

### Films Worth Seeing

*The China Syndrome.* Painfully topical. A thriller about a nuclear-energy accident. Sizzlingly exciting but worrisome in its attributions of villainy.

*The Deer Hunter.* Male rituals embrace Pennsylvania sport and Vietnam horror. Eventually wobbles but starts well. Finely acted.

*Hair.* Yes, it dates. But the songs are still good, and much of the filmic dazzle engulfs.

*Norma Rae.* Emphasize both adjectives, and it's a good old-fashioned work. Labor struggles, courage, hope—can you believe it? Certainly. Because Sally Field excels and the whole picture endears itself.

**SK**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approaching 50, it's somehow harder to think of Léaud approaching 40—because Léaud is there on the screen and because his chief dynamics is a freshet of youthful impulse, as actor and character. He picks up the scraps of a torn photograph in a phone booth, pieces them into the face of a girl, and doggedly tracks her down. He sees a former beloved at the window of a train pulling out of a station and, disregarding everything else, jumps on the train. It seems a bit odd for this Pierrot to have a school-age child, to be writing reminiscent novels, to be getting divorced.

Still when Truffaut uncorks his cinematic surges, the fount of romance and the adoration of women, the springs in his spirit that have remained youthfully, egocentrically hot, he's hard to resist. He never moves better than out of the exultant pain of high-spirited desire. The film begins with a quick fade-in of a girl's head on a pillow. (We soon see Antoine next to her.) The way that this first image takes the screen is a declaration of tone and intent. From then on we are pretty consistently swept along in the familiar but (because *felt*) fresh Truffaut style: quick followings, sudden puppy-like emphasis by large close-ups, impatient but lucid cutting between sequences, brief fascinated concentrations on purely peripheral characters (like the beautiful woman who is the judge in the divorce proceedings). Truffaut is at his best when he is drunk on the very Idea of woman; it keeps him fetchingly silly.

Several times in the course of the film, there are comments about Antoine's being finished with the revenge for his childhood. As I've said, that revenge never really figured in any Antoine film after the first, but I've noted elsewhere ("The Story of Adèle H," *TNR*, January 24, 1976) that this vengeance, ramified, figures in other Truffaut films. If Truffaut is really through with all that—all those homicidal and/or psychotic women who seem extensions of his feelings about his mother—then certainly we are in for a new Truffaut. But even if he's only through with the true-and-false Antoine—a problematic characterization buttressed by lyrical cinematics—then that will be a new Truffaut, too.

# An obscure hurt

## The Sexuality of Henry James: Part I

Can the peculiar void at the center of Henry James's personality be explained? Can some reason for his adoption of the life unlived, the beast forever crouched, as the central metaphor in his work be offered? "There was something incomplete and unexplained about James' emotional life," wrote Edmund Wilson in the 1934 issue of *Hound and Horn* that sparked the modern James revival. Is it profitable to add yet another round of speculation to what is already a groaning library shelf? Or must the quest be abandoned as hopeless?

Much depends on one's sense of what is significant. Leon Edel in his *Literary Biography* (1959) deplores literary psychoanalysis of an amateur kind but wonders why, if the speculation is based on carefully gathered data, it shouldn't be valid. The problem here is that one man's amateur psychologizing is another's informed insight. It all depends on prior boundaries, definitions of privacy, insistence on candor. The problem resolves, ultimately, into the psychic terrain of the biographer himself—what he permits himself to speculate on, to build convincing theories about. The biographer, no less than his subject, must cope with personal fears and critical taboos, as well as the biases of the universities and foundations which may be picking up the tab for his work.

These biases and taboos will dictate not only what is theorized about but what is *seen*. Lives, like carpets, contain many strands. They may be perceived in many designs. What the biographer picks out depends not only on the keenness of his vision but on what he is empowered to see. Publishing economics, needless to say, plays an important part in all this.

It is quite likely that the five-volume Edel biography of Henry James, written between 1950 and 1971, changed as America's cultural matrix changed. One notes in the later volumes more freedom of speculation, more willingness to bridge the disjunction between life and art, more daring surmise. This may be due partly to the greater richness of the late fiction, but perhaps owes something also to a new climate of permissiveness.

Despite this, there is a peculiar timidity at the center of the work. Although we have 2000 pages of detail, inference and inspired guesswork, something is lacking—a living spark, an emotional presence. One feels afterward that one still doesn't know James. His reticence has finally transferred itself to the biographer's page—the Master has had the last word after all. James Atlas observed recently that Edel devoted five volumes to James without resolving the issue of James's "sexual dormancy." While sexuality cannot be equated exactly with emotional life, neither can the emotions be explored in depth without some discussion of sex.

Certainly Edel has done a fine job of putting together a limited picture of James's affections, not quailing before the need to discuss his homo-erotic bent. Quite a few pages are devoted to James's relationships with Hendrik Andersen,


Who Rules America?
Public Nuisances.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of *The American Spectator*, takes an amusing and penetrating view of American leaders, from Gore Vidal to Jimmy Carter, in *Public Nuisances*.

"Tyrrell is the funniest political essayist in years." —**Tom Wolfe**

**Public Nuisances**
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
$11.95 at bookstores
**BASIC BOOKS, INC.**, N.Y.C. 10022




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

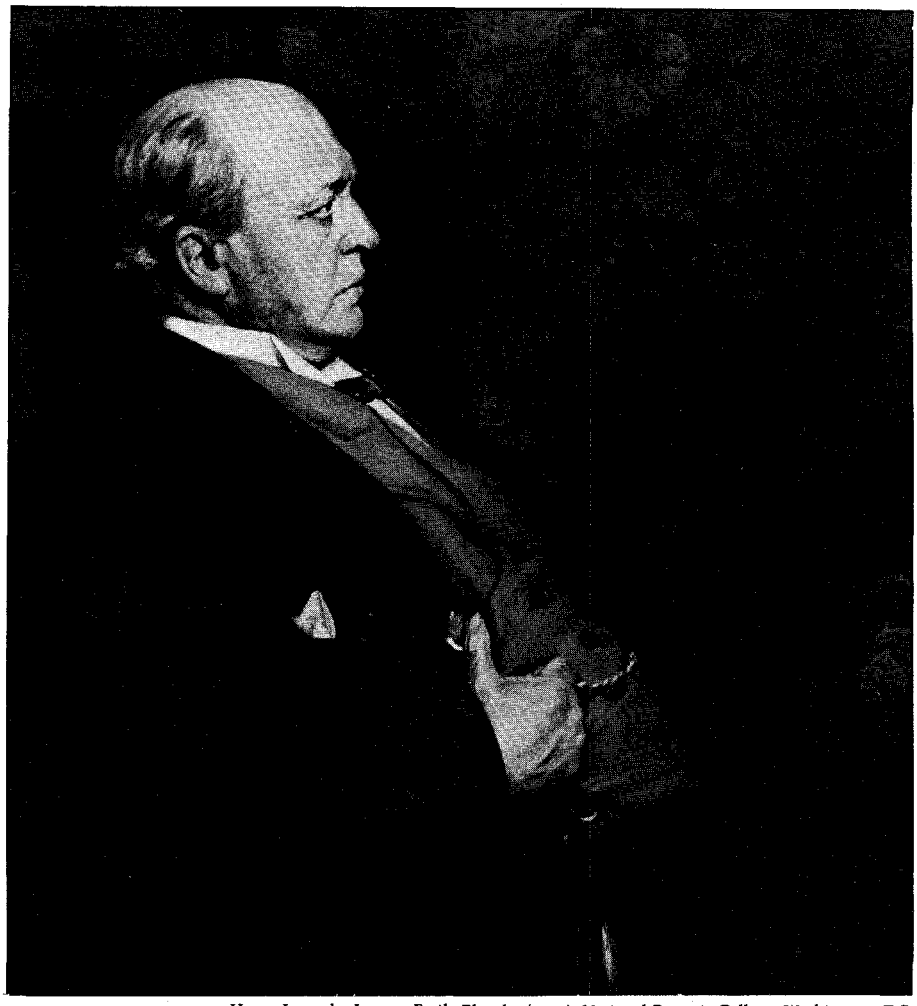
the Norwegian-American sculptor he met in Rome in 1899 and described as being of "magnificent stature"; with Jocelyn Persse, a gilded youth encountered in England in 1903; with Hugh Walpole and others. There were friendships, fond outpourings by mail, weekends at Lamb House. It is pointed out that despite the expression of much affection, there is no way to know if the friendships were acted upon physically. "We may speculate endlessly on this theme, without discovering the answers," Edel writes.

More apparent is a certain ambivalence of feeling. James, despite a great deal of epistolary warmth, remains detached. The distance from master to disciple is never quite bridged. Walpole, asking how to address James, is instructed that *"très cher maître"* will do nicely. Andersen rarely leaves Italy or America long enough to visit. Persse arrives to report on his amours and adventures elsewhere. Everything is second-hand, as if these young men were themselves Jamesian inventions, observed and manipulated, but never quite allowed the freedom of their affections.

And yet evidence of a powerful emotional substrate, of loneliness and unfocused anguish, remains. Glenway Wescott has pointed out that the abundance of Jamesian feeling is often too large for the stories. It gives the impression of "embarrassed passion and hidden meaning in excess of the narrated facts; the psychic content is too great for its container of elegantly forged happenings; it all overflows and slops about and is magnificently wasted."

Yes, the great wash of Jamesian emotion quivers and breaks all around us. It is in excess of what we know of his life; it is often in excess of its fictional correlatives. There is no apparent match between the vibration of his art and the details of his life—or none that quite convinces.

And yet there *was* one powerful emotional connection in James's life, more powerful than that joining him to anyone else on earth. It was the source of intense anxiety over a lifetime, expressed in illness, depression, anger and jealousy. Both parties behaved differently, indeed atypically, toward each other than they did toward others. The relationship was expressed, with varying degrees of displacement, in many of the tales and novels, especially those written at times of stress. It expressed itself forcibly in the hallucinations of James's dying weeks.



Henry James by Jacques Emile Blanche (1908). National Portrait Gallery, Washington, DC.

This emotional connection, noted by biographers, was with Henry's brother William, older by 15 months, with whom he maintained a stressful relationship all his life—a relationship equally pained on William's side. This relationship usually inherits such standard descriptions as "sibling rivalry," "professional jealousy," and "brotherly love." These are certainly handy terms, neither do they darken conjecture. But what may we find in the relationship if we conspire against convention and empower ourselves to see more—for example, a lifetime of sexual anxiety engendered by incestuous feelings of love on the part of Henry toward his handsome, vital and extroverted brother?

Here we are on ground that is doubly tabooed, forced to penetrate barriers built into the deepest junctures of family and society. Guilt—not only that of our two subjects but our own—must be contended with. Yet the danger of the quest is overshadowed by its potential benefits.

In what follows, I have only extracted some strands from the rich tapestry woven by Leon Edel and others.

William James was born January 11, 1842. Henry was born 15 months and four days later—on April 15, 1843. It was clear from an early age that their temperaments were dissimilar. F. O. Matthiessen describes them as "active and passive, participating and detached, scientific and aesthetic . . . divided and ranged in many contrasting directions." The dissimilarity persisted over their lifetimes. Sydney Waterlow, writing of the two brothers in 1908, when both were approaching old age, said William "is much easier to get on with than Henry, mainly because he is simpler and full of enthusiasms and freshness, whereas Henry is jaded and reticent."

William's seniority by 15 months was something Henry (or Harry as he was then called) felt strongly from the very first. "I never for all the time of childhood and youth in the least caught up with him or overtook him," he wrote. He was always full of admiration for his brother's energy. William had charm, an unswerving sureness that Harry lacked. William, on his part, often rejected his younger brother, who remembered, later in life, being told not to tag along because, as William said, "I play with boys who curse and swear!" Harry described his boyhood as "filling myself



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[with] the crumbs of his feast and the echoes of his life." He also spoke of his utter "abasement" before his brother.

In adolescence and young manhood, these feelings produced a desire to imitate William. Henry wanted to attend the same schools that William did. In Newport, when William decided to make a career of painting, Henry did the same—although he was manifestly devoid of William's talent. He also followed his brother to Harvard. During these years he said that he wished to live, if only "by the imagination, in William's adaptive skin . . ."—a clear expression that what he wanted was to be his brother.

One of the most puzzling episodes of these years concerns his famous "obscure hurt." In a long memoir, *Notes of a Son and Brother*, published in 1914, two years before his death, Henry informs us that as the Civil War began (he was then 18), he suffered an injury. He is vague about details, doesn't say exactly where it occurred. But while helping to put out a stable fire in Newport, and trying to get a rusty engine pumping, he suffered "a horrid even if an obscure hurt." He goes on to say that the injury established a new relation with the world—"at once extraordinarily intimate and quite awkwardly irrelevant." It occurred during "twenty odious minutes" and produced "a huge comprehensive ache."

What was the exact nature of the wound? Edel believes that James suffered only a severe back injury, which was to plague him all his life and make it impossible for him to join in the Civil War fighting. As proof, he cites letters about a spinal strain neglected "through crazy juvenility," which caused him discomfort and pain over a lifetime. Whether such terms as "obscure hurt," and "extraordinarily intimate" can refer, even in James's portentous late style, to something so innocuous as a back injury has been questioned, however. Glenway Wescott, writing in 1934, took it for granted that James had been castrated in the accident. Stephen Spender believed that the rumor of castration was exaggerated, "but it seems likely that James sustained a serious injury" of a similar nature. R. P. Blackmur equated James with the emasculated Abelard. Lionel Trilling admired James for revealing to the world "an accident so intimate as his." Even Matthiessen, while deploring such psychobiography, speculates that since James never married, he may have been sexually impotent. However, he goes on to warn that since James never exhibited "the specific anxieties or fantasies that can be diagnosed as the product of such frustration," we cannot learn much about him by building on that assumption.

Edel would like to scotch the castration or sexual injury legend for good. Nevertheless, despite the abundance of evidence that there was a very real back injury, some questions remain unanswered.

One month before Henry's accident, William left the family circle for the first time in his adult life. He gave up his study of painting and entered Harvard. It was clear that Henry wanted to go to Harvard too, but for various reasons that was not possible. Three days *after* the fire, despite the injury, Henry took off for Cambridge to visit his brother. William spoke of the "radiance of H's visit"—an odd description of a visit paid by a young man who had just sustained a serious injury. When Henry got back to Newport, he consulted a surgeon about his back. This man could find no evidence of injury. Apparently the hurt was too obscure to be diagnosed.

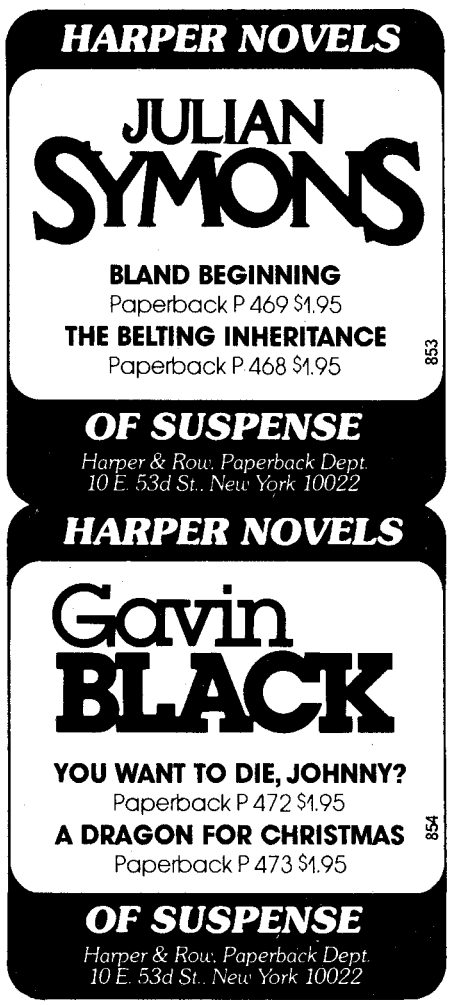
In the account of the injury written 60 years later, James noted, ". . . what was interesting from the first was my not doubting in the least its duration." Edel finds this an extraordinary remark, stating that it is an attempt at prophecy, in effect a wish that the hurt might endure. And endure it did, in strange forms.

Edel notes that when William returned from a trip to Brazil in 1866, "Henry's back-ache revived." Viewing that summer in retrospect, James write, "I was miserably stricken by my poor broken, all but unbearable, and unsurvivable *back*. . . ." Two years later, William James returned from a long stay abroad. "Henry promptly ceased to publish," Edel writes. "His back-ache revived and he could bring himself neither to read nor write." Nor was this all. It seems that William too came down with a back-ache! In 1867, the older brother fell into a series of ailments which included not only insomnia, nervousness and depression, but a backache like his brother's.

These years, when the brothers were in their mid-20s and the family lived in Cambridge, were probably the most difficult they went through. A drama of love, rivalry and hatred was being enacted in the back sitting room they shared. Writing of this time later, Henry referred to his "damnable state of health" which made this "a time of suffering so keen that the fact might . . . give its dark colour to the whole period." At the same time there was "an enchantment in all that which it takes a heavy dose of pain to quench . . ." Later he wrote of that Cambridge

> *of the far-off unspeakable past year . . . fixing me with tender, pleading eyes, eyes of such exquisite pathetic appeal and holding up the silver mirror, just faintly dim, that is like a sphere peopled with the old ghosts.*

This mixture of yearning, regret and unfocused emotion sums up a strange, transitional era in the lives of the brothers. They suffered when they were together; they suffered when they were apart. When William was in Europe, he wrote Henry that he missed their fraternal talks; when he was at home, his neurasthenic symptoms became more marked. William wrote to Henry, "Dear Brother, how much I would have given to have you by my side so that we might rejoice together. . . ." This European trip of William's provokes in Henry a desire to share it. "Don't try to make out that America and Germany are identical," he wrote William, "and that it is as good to be here as there. It can't be done. Only let me go to Berlin. . . . Life here in Cambridge—





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or in this house, at least—is about as lively as the inner sepulchre." When the situation was reversed and Henry was in Europe and William at home (in 1873), their father wrote to him,

> [*William*] *often talks of you. We all do that of course, but* he *very often initiates the talk. I needn't say that he always talks of you in the most tenderly affectionate and appreciative way.*

Gay Wilson Allen, in his biography of William James, refers to the "intellectual dependence" of the brothers. But the rapture and eagerness which they wrote back and forth belies the impression that their dependence was solely intellectual. Henry refers to "a most blessed brotherly letter" from William. On another occasion he wrote, "Your letter fills me with a divine desire to occupy for an hour that old cane-bottomed chair before your bedroom fire." Another letter from William is characterized by Henry as a "ghastly mockery of a fraternal talk"—in other words, a poor substitute for William's presence. William went to Europe in 1873 to be with Henry and wrote home, "At present Harry is my spouse. I have been here with him boarding in a hotel for two and a half weeks. . . ." At the same time, even while acknowledging that Henry was working well in Europe (on *Roderick Hudson*), William tried to persuade him to return to America—giving up his literary ambitions and taking an editorial position of some kind! William, then teaching at Harvard, would thus not be separated from his brother.

At the same time, there were very clear overtones of rivalry between the two brothers. Henry found his career long before William did, writing stories and book reviews and finding publishers almost at once. William, on his part, floundered in his career choices, first teaching at Harvard, then resigning, then resuming his duties—all this in addition to earning a medical degree which he had no desire to put into effect. He was secretly jealous of Henry's success and ability to earn money—a jealousy which seems to have been expressed chiefly as relentless criticism of Henry's prose style.

Leon Edel characterizes the two brothers in their 20s as "Jacob and Esau." But rivalry was not the only or, perhaps even the chief, emotion between them. Underneath the rivalry, and the fierce feelings of ambivalence and dependency, ran another vein of love, whose depth has not been explored by biographers. It

## THE VISIONS OF MACKENZIE KING

I, William Lyon Mackenzie King,
man of 73 in 1948,
Prime Minister of Canada for 21 years,
had visions, and as such recorded them,
though merer men might call them dreams.

In one, I saw Hitler
sewing buttons on a bed quilt.
My interpretation: "a lesson in patience."

In another, Franklin Roosevelt
and I were in the home of a wealthy man,
unnamed. As we speculated
upon the means (suspect, somehow)
whereby our host had acquired his fortune,
I had to sit awkwardly upon the floor.
The meaning was clear: I should return
to "some simpler life."

In yet another, the then Princess
Juliana of the Netherlands
and her charming consort Prince Bernhard
came up to me ceremoniously;
I looked down and discovered
I was wearing an old-fashioned nightgown!
And later in the dream, lacked trousers.
No interpretation was confided to my journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill
were at Laurier House, my guests; in my unease
I felt things amiss, and hastened
to offer the great man a drink and a cigar.
He already, self-served, had both.
My valet took a swig from the decanter
and in my rage I hit the presuming fellow
with a felt hat that appeared in my hand.

I climbed a tower. There was room at the top.
But my valet, Nicol, informed me
a "private woman's club" had occupied the premises
and there could be no admission for me.
My conclusion: the summit of my calling
had been reached, but once there
I would not find the society of women
nor "what I had striven for most."

I, W. L. Mackenzie King,
recorded these visions now released
some 30 years later, as a species
of Canadian history. Now,
as then, I am embarrassed. Among
French dignitaries, my nose began to bleed.
My handkerchief was stained with blood!
"I tried to keep it discreetly out of sight."
Then, in a shadowy warehouse setting,
"furies" endeavored to assassinate me.
When I awoke at last, Gandhi was dead.

The world's blood pursued me. The great
ignored my *gaffes*. But truth will out.
The newspapers titter, I was insecure.
Shaving soap spoke to me, of Mother and dogs,
in those decades of demons of whom I was one.

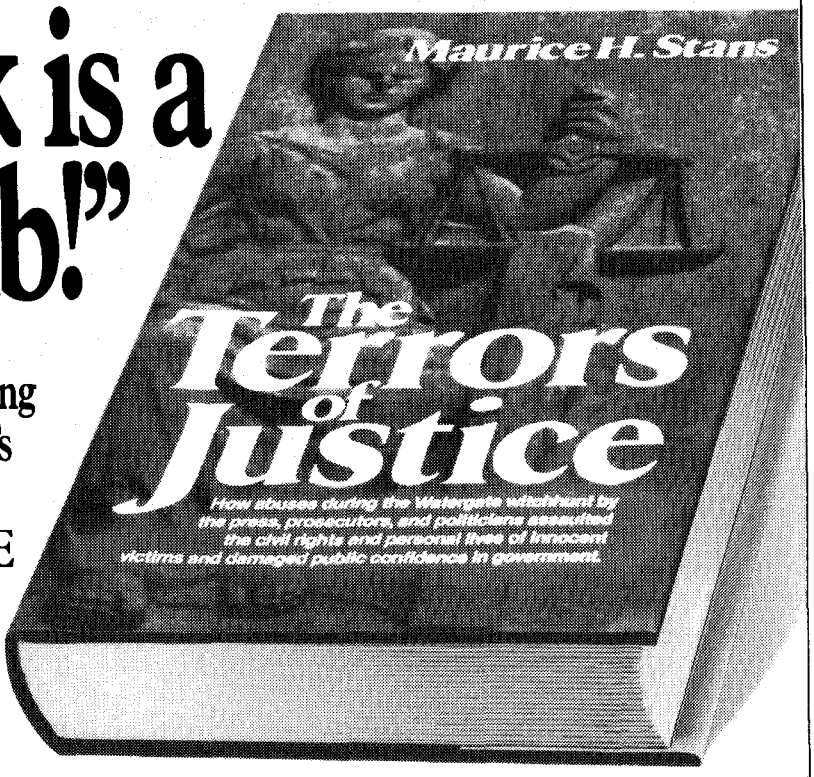
**John Updike**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "This book is a time bomb!"

## To find out why, read the following excerpts from William F. Gavin's review of Maurice Stans' THE TERRORS OF JUSTICE in Human Events....




"Someday, perhaps five or ten years from now, a brilliant, iconoclastic graduate student in American history is going to come across Maurice Stans' *The Terrors of Justice* in the library stacks. Curious, since his professors have never mentioned the book, he will take it out of the library and return to his room. There, throughout the night, he will read it, fascinated, appalled by what he is reading, incredulous.

"As dawn approaches, he will put the book aside and think: If this book is correct or even anywhere near correct, then the official version of Watergate we have been taught in high school and college is not only incorrect and incomplete—it is a monstrous, unconscionable distortion of the truth...

"Until now all we have had as source material for Watergate have been polemics, diatribes, confessions, self-congratulatory memoirs of those who prosecuted the Watergate figures, Hollywood good-guy vs. bad-guy extravaganzas in the movies and on television, and born-again reflections on former Nixon aides...

"Stans has written a different kind of book...No hysteria, no demagoguery, no poetry, no refuge in spirituality—just the steady, plodding, relentless drumbeat of fact after fact, document after document...

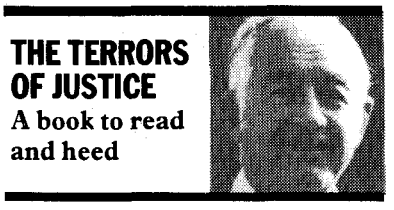
"His story reads as if *Les Miserables,* with its tale of prosecutorial zeal gone berserk, was retold by Kafka. It is a modern horror story, all the more gripping because it could happen to anyone, any time the media and the liberals decide that the usual rules of fair play should no longer apply...

"Stans attempts to give, in specific and at times excruciating detail the 'other side' of the Watergate story...and the sordid and all but incredible perversions of our system of justice by public officials.

"This is a book to buy and keep and when the time is right, to give to one's children...[It] may or may not say anything new about Richard Nixon or the other Watergate figures we know so much about. But it will tell of a *reign of media and government terror unparalleled in American history,* shamefully ignored by those who are self-proclaimed lovers and defenders of civil liberties...

"The liberal press can ignore this book if it so chooses. Its truth is irrefutable."

**"This book is a time bomb."**
*—Reprinted with permission from the February 24, 1979 issue of Human Events*




Everest House

$10.95 before May 15, $12.95 thereafter; at bookstores, or mail coupon:

**EVEREST HOUSE, Dept. WA**
**1133 Avenue of the Americas**
**New York City 10036**

Please send me ____ copy(ies) of Maurice Stans' THE TERRORS OF JUSTICE at $10.95 per copy, if ordered by May 15, 1979, thereafter $12.95 per copy. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the book(s) within 10 days and my money will be refunded. Publisher will pay all postage and handling charges.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is apparent that neither broke free of the other, nor of the parental hearth, until their middle 30s—a full decade or more later than was customary for young men in an era that stressed filial independence. In 1876, when he was 33, Henry made a clean break—settling first in Paris, then in London. (He had tried to get away earlier, but had returned each time to Cambridge.) William, on his part, didn't marry until 1878, when he was 36. The marriage worked an immediate transformation on his health, ending more than 10 years of serious mental illness and, on one occasion, a near-psychotic lapse. It would spark 20 good years of high productivity and enormous professional success—until ill-health, beginning in his middle 50s, interrupted his work.

That the "obscure hurt" which Henry suffered when he was 18 stood in his mind for something more than a backache cannot be proved by the documents available to us. He was a master at covering his tracks, at implying worlds of feeling whose outlines remain dim. But it seems logical to assume that there was a burden of affect, a more than merely physical loss, or fear of being accused of malingering during the Civil War, behind his denotation of the injury. With James, as Philip Rahv has pointed out, we are always justified in assuming the maximum; should not this advice be applied to the "extraordinarily intimate" wound he received as a young man?

Given the foregoing, it would be logical to assume that William's marriage to Alice Gibben in 1878 would disturb Henry deeply. And it did.

Edel points out that the letter of congratulations written from England to William in America is highly suggestive:

> *I have just heard from Mother that you had decided to be married on the 10th ult.; and as I was divorced from you by an untimely fate on this occasion, let me at least repair the injury by giving you, in the most earnest words that my clumsy pen can shape, a tender bridal benediction.*

The use of the word "divorce" is odd, until we realize that William's marriage *did* mark the emotional equivalent of a "divorce" between the two brothers. Even more significantly, perhaps, Henry destroyed all of William's letters received during this period. One can only speculate on the reasons. Is it possible that they contained reassurances Henry wished no one else to see? That his passion for privacy required that these letters be burned while others, less emotionally significant, might be kept?

An important clue to his state of mind is the story *Confidence* written in the weeks after William's marriage. Edel calls it James's "worst novel." It is about a young woman named Angela—an obvious feminization of the family term "Angel" for young Harry—who goes through a series of jiltings and rapprochements with the two men who want to marry her. Edel describes the novel as containing "strong elements of rejection, jealousy and a need for self-consolation"—elements, we can be sure, of Henry's emotional state at the time. Edel goes on to say:

> *One would have to go very deeply indeed into Henry's inner life to unravel so intricate a series of fantasies. What we can usefully recall, however, are the fundamental elements in the relationship of the two brothers.*

He then goes on to label the symbolic sub-text of *Confidence* as being built around the "second-class citizenship" Henry felt as a junior brother. Thus, by washing out the sexual content from *Confidence*, Edel can characterize it as stemming from the old rivalry of older/younger brothers. But the story concerns a young woman in an explicit courtship situation who is unable to marry the man she loves. There is much more than fraternal rivalry here; there is sexual intrigue. Such underpinnings of love and loss may not be "useful" for a biographer to recall, but they exist nevertheless.

In other ways, William's marriage marked an artistic turning point for Henry. "From this moment on," Edel writes, "Henry began to write novels about heroines instead of about heroes." His subjects became jilted heiresses, middle-aged socialites, independent and naive young Americans. It was the first great period of his writing life and produced *The Europeans*, *Washington Square*, *Daisy Miller* and *Portrait of a Lady*.

What brought on the change? Later in life James himself pondered this switch of gender and quoted George Eliot: "In these frail vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection." The charting of these frail female vessels through emotional seas would be his task from now on.

Edel is less vague, but still prefers an explanation that is "useful" rather than daring. Henry James, he believes, was reminded that he was a perpetual "mere junior" and "doomed from the cradle to abasements and inferiorities." So afflicted, he chose to identify with those other abased and second-class citizens: women. This gender reversal solaced him for the inequities he suffered at the hand of his brother, who wanted to play with "boys who curse and swear." A plausible explanation, and true as far as it goes. But may we not take it further? By incorporating a female identity, by switching his affectional interests from one sex to the other, isn't James solacing himself for more than the hurts of the playground? May we not speculate that in writing about Daisy Miller and Isabel Archer and Catherine Sloper he is maintaining the core of female identity which William had created for him and whose marriage now denied it? That the unconscious demands of his life required such an identity, which now moved from life to art?

The young women in his books are curiously aloof, not unlike the sexless and joyless young men he had pictured before. They are distant from real passion—a fact that may not emerge on first reading, thanks to the enormous social and visual detail with which they are rendered. But their relation to men is usually unyielding. They are almost always rejected and rejecting; there is the appearance of intimacy but not the reality.

Edmund Wilson believed that the absence of consummated love affairs in


**A PORTRAIT OF ISAAC NEWTON**

**by Frank E. Manuel**

A reissue of an acclaimed biography of the 17th century scientist and mathematician.

**"It is a portrait of Newton such as no one has been able to produce before, not merely superior to others but vastly superior."**

*—Science*

**"The emerging portrait is fascinating and reveals the great man as one suffering conflicts and insecurities that until now have remained hidden behind his bright cloak of genius. A significant addition to Newtonian scholarship."**

*—Publishers Weekly*

478 pages; $19.95 cloth; $7.95 paper

**NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS**

1220 19th Street, NW, Washington 20036




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James's early fiction accounts for his lack of popularity. "You cannot long hold an audience," Wilson writes, "with stories about men wooing women in which the parties either never get together or are never seen as really functioning as lovers." He also wonders if James didn't switch from writing fiction to five years of playwriting, starting in 1889, because in works like *The Bostonians* and *The Princess Casamassima* he came up against a limit in his power to probe emotional connections.

The relation between the half-lives of James's characters and the half-life of their creator is obviously varied and complex. But since Henry's chief emotional resource was his brother William, and since William's marriage had changed their relationship into something even more ambivalent and repressed, we are certainly justified in assuming this would be reflected in Henry's art.

*(The second half of this essay will appear next week.)*

**Richard Hall**

*Richard Hall* is contributing editor for books for *The Advocate* and a member of the National Book Critics Circle.

## The Streets Were Paved With Gold
## by Ken Auletta

(Random House; $12.95)

"Who's to blame?" That's the first question addressed by Ken Auletta, a political activist turned journalist, who has written this benchmark book on New York City's fiscal crisis. It's no easy business to make the politics and finance of a city's near collapse into a comprehensible, readable package, even when it's New York. It's made no easier when all responsible parties are engaged in the political and public relations process of saving their own asses. That he's done it is testimony to the time and analytic skill Auletta devoted to his task. That no one involved emerges unscathed is a clue to the book's objectivity.

In February of 1975, the Urban Development Corporation, New York City's powerful housing construction agency, became the first major government agency to default since the Great Depression. By June, the city was completely shut out of the securities market and city finances were being monitored by the Municipal Assistance Corporation. By September, the state legislature declared a form of fiscal martial law and inserted the independent Emergency Financial Control Board between Mayor Abe Beame and the city's budget. New York, America's premier city, the nation's cultural mecca and the finance capital of the free world, had lost its right to self government. Beame reigned, but he no longer ruled. When the city showed up in Washington two months later to beg for $2.3 billion in federal loans, its official supplicants assured Congress that *this one loan* was all New York needed to get back on its feet.

New York City is still not back on its feet, not by a long shot. But that's getting ahead of things. Who's to blame in the first place?

Is it true, as one school of thought holds, that New York is the victim of historical and economic forces that are beyond its control? Part of New York's problem is location—the Northeast—where taxes are higher, unions are stronger, the tradition of government services is more firmly established, and 85 percent of the energy must be imported. Part of the problem is age. Its housing and industrial base are pre-World War II, the housing dilapidated and the factories bypassed by technology. New York abandoned more residential buildings in two years than the entire housing stock of Des Moines. Its annual percentage job loss has been in double digits for nearly a decade. Part of the problem is sheer size, which magnifies every other effect. The city's population is 7.5 million. Its nearest competitor, Chicago, is less than half that size. All older cities have been affected, but more than any other, New York exemplifies the effects of the migratory patterns of the past decades. Encouraged by federal home mortgage incentives and the local banks' redlining practices, the well-to-do have moved to the suburbs. Encouraged by a more profitable tax and labor relations climate industry and business have relocated to the sun belt. Along with the middle class, the tax base has evaporated and the evacuees have been replaced by an immigration of poor. Since World War II, two million middle-income residents have moved out of New York City and two million mostly poor residents have moved in.

So the captive of events theory holds that New York City is too old, too poor, too high priced and a bastard child of the shortsightedness of the federal government and the self-interested policies of business and the banks.

Credible, says Auletta, but oversimplified. New York is also the victim of some self-inflicted wounds.

Like its rent control arrangement, declared by Mayor Robert Wagner in 1962 to be "the road to a slumless city." Rent control now reaches 1.7 of New York's 2.1 million rental units, including Mayor Ed Koch's $250 Greenwich Village apartment which should be costing His Honor $400-450 a month and which he holds onto despite his

"Don't talk to me. I don't have to listen to no white lady."

Vivian Paley's experiences teaching an integrated kindergarten class are moving, funny, sad, and frustrating. But above all, they're a powerful demonstration of the value of integrated education.

"A touching and instructive book for teachers and people who work with the young."
$8.95 —*Robert Coles, M.D.*

**White Teacher**
*Vivian Gussin Paley*

**Harvard University Press**
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four-year lease on Gracie Mansion. The unrealistic and uneconomic rents set by the city cost millions of dollars in lost taxes every year. Rent control is subsidized by the landlords who cope with the situation the only way they can—through building abandonment. In a city where 75 percent of all residents are renters, rent control has created a politically volatile class of tenants which believes that rents at less than the market price are a permanent entitlement.

New York has also saddled itself with a labor relations system that includes a rigid civil service *and* public employee unions in a combination that includes 98 percent of the city's employees and leaves control of the city outside the reach of those elected to run it. Public employees are a powerful bloc in city elections and the municipal union chiefs are savvy manipulators of that power. They are a commanding force in the state legislature and they arrive at the bargaining table with proven ability to paralyze the city with a strike. Contract negotiations under the last three mayors (Lindsay, Beame and Koch) resemble a shakedown. For the unions, the results are a wonderland of benefits, pensions and perks—retirement at rates up to 125 percent of the final year's pay, four-day work weeks, bonus days off for donating blood, for election day, for working on Veterans or Memorial Day, 10-20 sick days a year which may be accumulated without limitation, free college, free medical, psychiatric and dental care, Christmas and birthday bonuses, and sabbaticals, not only for teachers in the city university system, but for secretaries as well. On and on it goes. The resulting public service ethos, says Auletta, is that one works for the government "not to serve, but to grab as much as possible." Labor Commissioner Anthony Russo describes today's city employees as "mercenaries." For the taxpayers, this arrangement returns the most costly public services in the country. It also brings a fully mortgaged future and a present crippled by short-term debt.

Central to Auletta's thesis that the bulk of the blame for financial brinksmanship lies with the city itself is his analysis of New York's politics. "What really failed in New York," says the author, "was democracy." New York is a one-party city and such electoral competition as does exist takes place largely in the form of internecine battling among the Democrats—Regulars versus Reformers. In the 1960s the city's politics dissolved into unchecked factionalism—banks, unions, tenants, Hispanics, blacks, cops, bureaucrats, welfare recipients. Every faction was fueled by self-interest and each arrayed against the rest in a battle for the spoils of liberal government. Whatever sense of community existed also dissolved, and the city became a vast sea of hostile elements. New York politics splintered into direct action, everyone for himself, street-fighting pluralism. The old axiom "You can't fight City Hall" was turned on its head. Everyone fought City Hall and incivility abounded. To get attention you didn't write your councilman or call at the party clubhouse; you dumped your garbage on the steps of City Hall. When Abe Beame and the police union were deadlocked in contrast, negotiations, the cops pissed on his lawn. For a time, the social contract came unraveled in New York City.

Then, also in the 1960s, New York stopped growing and its elected officials didn't know what to do about it. They continued to raise taxes even when it was clear that business—and jobs—were pulling out. They failed to curb redlining although it obviously was destroying neighborhoods. They capitulated again and again to the demands of the unions. They continued to expand services. And they arranged to pay for it all with short-run postponements and a dazzling array of budget gimmickry and creative bookkeeping that approached official fraud. Budgets were based on what politicians thought they needed to spend, not what they expected to take in, and the balance sheets were packed with lies and purposeful deceptions. Political leadership was all but non-existent. As Auletta puts it,

> *Politics was the absence of leaders who thought about the long-term public interest. . . . Most everyone sang the same tune: Protect your ass. Don't be a martyr. Worry about the next election. Avoid blame. Take credit.*

Overall, Auletta contends, it was a city mired in liberalism. "New York is the capital of liberal compassion and concern . . . the entry point and the social laboratory for the country." Unquestionably liberalism was the dominant social force in the city and it produced leaders who were demonstrably without backbone, whose only impulse was to throw more money at the problem. "As General Westmoreland would say, 'If we only had more troops. . . .'" So the fiscal crisis was liberalism's Vietnam.

You can make that case and Auletta does, though he stops short of indicting liberalism's commitment to using government as a tool to help people. It's not necessary to condemn liberalism as a failed social philosophy to note that in the case at bar it failed to produce leaders with the political savvy, honesty and guts to confront the politico-financial complex that caused the crisis to begin with and survived in its wake. Liberalism's generic defect, as the economist Robert Lekachman says, is in its commitment to improve the lot of substantial numbers of people "without substantially altering the institutional arrangements or existing distributions of power and property." Take as a simple example the cost overruns in government-sponsored health programs; these


**PARTISAN REVIEW**

**Coming in Partisan Review:**

A Symposium on Psychoanalysis

An Interview with Robert Motherwell

Isaiah Berlin on Nationalism

"Levitation," a story by Cynthia Ozick

**PARTISAN REVIEW**
c/o Boston University,
128 Bay State Rd., Boston, MA 02215

☐ Enter my subscription
☐ for 1 year at $10.00
☐ 1 year at $9.00 student rate

☐ Extend my subscription
☐ 2 years at $19.00
☐ 2 years at $18.00 student rate
☐ 3 years at $27.00

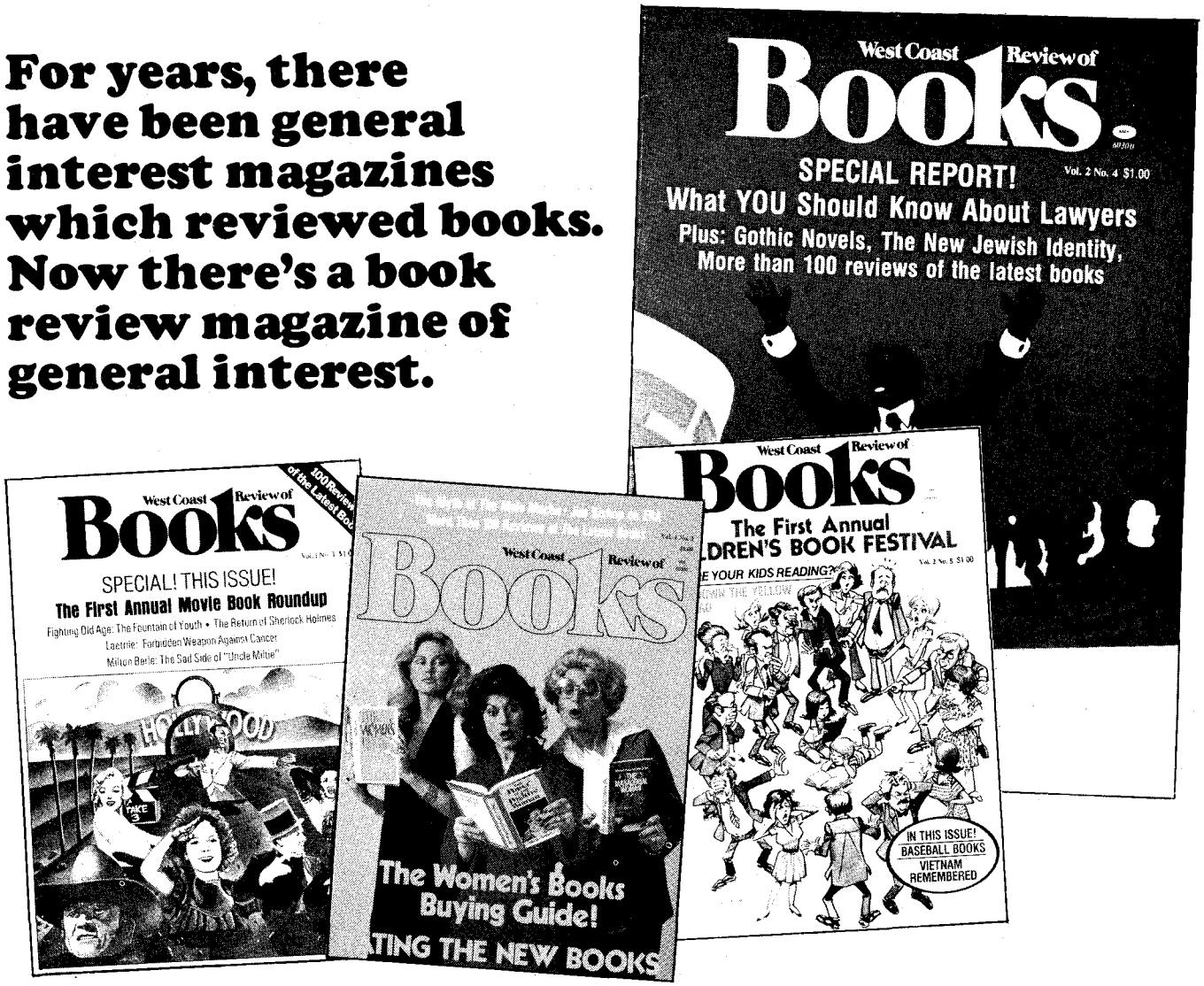
My check is enclosed ☐ ☐ Please bill me

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
*I am a student at_____




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# For years, there have been general interest magazines which reviewed books. Now there's a book review magazine of general interest.


West Coast Review of Books
SPECIAL REPORT!
What YOU Should Know About Lawyers
Plus: Gothic Novels, The New Jewish Identity,
More than 100 reviews of the latest books
Vol. 2 No. 4 $1.00
West Coast Review of Books
The First Annual
CHILDREN'S BOOK FESTIVAL
IN THIS ISSUE!
BASEBALL BOOKS
VIETNAM REMEMBERED
West Coast Review of Books
SPECIAL! THIS ISSUE!
The First Annual Movie Book Roundup
West Coast Review of Books
The Women's Books Buying Guide!

That's it. **The West Coast Review of Books.** But a cover can't tell you too much. You have to look inside. And inside there are articles, features, and more than 100 reviews of the latest books. Not only do our critics tell you whether you should like it or not, they rate it. One star is poor, two is fair, three good, four excellent, and five superior. **The West Coast Review of Books.** Unlike anything you've ever read before.

For example, when we reviewed a book about the making of *King Kong,* the 1933 movie, and another about Edgar Rice Burroughs, about the man who created Tarzan, we teamed them up in an article called, "King Kong Versus Tarzan." It was a story about pop culture and how, in their own ways, the Great Ape and the Ape Man have captivated the public. In another article, "Wizzing Down the Yellow Brick Road," we talked about *The Wizard of Oz* and the continuing popularity of Frank Baum's characters (we even gave our readers the address of the Wizard of Oz Fan Club).

And our special issues have really made **The West Coast Review of Books** special. Our annual look into the Fall books of the publishers, "Autumn's Best Bets," continues to be a sell-out; our "Annual Movie Book Roundup" has become a Collectors Item year after year; our First Annual Children's Books Festival proved to be a smash hit. As you can see, **The West Coast Review of Books** is different from anything else on the newsstands.

Now you can subscribe. Although **The West Coast Review of Books** is published in Los Angeles, the books it reviews are as close to you as your neighborhood bookstore or local library. And as for subscriptions, they're a true bargain. Only $10.00 for two big years, an issue every two months! At a dollar a copy on the newsstands and in bookstores where they are sold, it's a bargain there, too. But when you subscribe it's like getting your first two issues absolutely free!

Send in the coupon today. **The West Coast Review of Books.** It could become your favorite.

**The West Coast Review of Books**
6311 Yucca Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Okay, sounds good. I'll take two years for $10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could have been prevented by controlling doctors' fees and hospital charges.

But the federal government didn't do that. And nothing like that ever happened in New York. Faced with a budget deficit, former mayor Robert Wagner said, "I do not propose to permit our fiscal problems to set the limits of our commitments to meet the essential needs of the people of the city." Then Wagner tickled the budget and jiggered the figures and borrowed a bit here and there and took the city another step toward the slope of insolvency. When John Lindsay faced a 1968 sanitation strike, he threatened to call in the National Guard, then capitulated to union demands. But that doesn't mean that all liberals lack backbone or are blind to any solution except throwing more money at the problem. Contrast Wagner and Lindsay to the way the black liberal mayor of Atlanta, Maynard Jackson, handled a 1977 garbage strike by a nearly-all black union. The mayor acknowledged that the workers deserved a raise but said the city couldn't afford it and wouldn't give in. "I'm not going to be the first mayor since 1937 to take us to the bank," he said, then he fired the strikers and hired replacements. Never in New York.

Or, just 16 miles from New York City, another liberal black mayor presides over a balanced budget in the poor, black, jobless town of Newark. Kenneth Gibson came to power when Newark was synonymous with urban decay. He governs, he says, by providing only the *basic* services the city can afford and no more. There's no free tuition in Newark, no four-day work weeks, no bloated pensions, no free psychiatric care, no sabbaticals for city employees. Are Jackson and Gibson not soft-headed enough to be called liberals? Are they, in Auletta's terms, leaders "who thought first about the *long-term* interest?" Or are they merely spared the piranha-like political culture of New York City?

This is a book with more questions than answers. Auletta says,

> *In truth . . . I originally intended to include a solutions chapter. I came to fear, however, that it would be misleading. After talking to and reading 'the experts,' I discovered none had a magic potion, a still-secret plan to restore New York. Increasingly, I became convinced that the sum of the 'solutions' would not equal the sum of the problems.*

One of those problems is that still there have been no cuts in services, no reform of the city's almost nonexistent middle management, no "take-backs" of bloated fringe benefits and pensions from the sacrosanct union contracts. Still, no one asked the question, "What can New York *afford*?" And the same public/profit complex that caused the fiscal crisis is still in place. By pulling together in 1975-76, the banks, businesses, unions and politicians served their own common interests by helping the city escape bankruptcy and thereby themselves escaped liability for the disaster. They also maintained their control of the city. Thus, Auletta chronicles the frustration of Ed Koch as he tries to deliver on some of his campaign promises to confront the power brokers. And beneath it all is festering what the author terms an "underclass," many the victims of racism, joblessness—a rapidly growing, insidious group, perhaps more dangerous, more bereft of hope, more difficult to confront than any for which our history has prepared us. There are certain public policy implications to all of this, whether liberalism is dead in New York or lives on: what if the new South Bronx is torched just like the old?

This is not at all an optimistic book. But its powerful marshalling of facts will make future revisionism very difficult indeed, especially for those who were at the helm when New York City's streets seemed to be paved with gold.

**Ken Bode**

## American Academics: Then and Now
## by Logan Wilson

(Oxford University Press; $13.95)

In 1942, Logan Wilson, a sociologist at Tulane, published *Academic Man: a Study in the Sociology of a Profession*. Quickly it became established as a minor classic in the field. Its contribution was to raise the discussion of the subject to a level all its own. Earlier, Thorstein Veblen in 1918 had deprecated the higher learning in America as a business enterprise in a pecuniary culture, while Abraham Flexner in 1930 had reduced much of the American university to a service industry, both promoted and corrupted by advertising techniques and mass consumership. On the other hand, Robert M. Hutchins in 1936, concerned with the college curriculum, drew the higher learning back to the classical sources of a leisured—"free"—intellectual class.

By contrast, Wilson in 1942 approached the academic profession within the American university as an autonomous social system, functioning by its own special rules, roles and norms. The system lacked the hierarchic authority structure of a commercial corporation. It was more open to merit and mobility, in recruitment and advancement, than other professions. It generated its own lifestyle. It established its own forms of reward and recognition. And it contained its own peculiar occupational hazards, strains and destructive tendencies. Underpaid and often abused but reasonably well off in prestige, the professor had, Wilson pointed out, a "peculiar" status.

Since 1942, Logan Wilson has climbed to the top of the system as an administrator, educational statesman and member of the foundations. In 1979 he has revised the work that originally established his reputation. The tables of contents of the two books are similar, but much of the substance is new in order to account for developments between *then* and *now*. This is more than another reprint. It places a significant era in American higher education between hard covers. The two books invite comparison, and provide an occasion for historical assessment.

The argument set forth in *Academic Man* moved in two directions. First, as a social system characterized by continuity and relative stability, the American university served to institutionalize the social role of the man of knowledge. Wilson merely mentioned the influence of Talcott Parsons, Robert Merton and Florian Znaniecki on his viewpoint. This new generation of European-oriented sociologists in America perceived that mass societies vented high levels of



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frustration by means of intense and violent outbursts of bigotry, hatred and anti-intellectualism. The modern state itself could organize violent persecutions against any vulnerable minority. As a social system the university functioned to protect academic freedom, to secure cognitive standards of judgment, to recognize merit and evaluate achievement. Only this system could withstand the emotional excesses of ideological politics, evangelical crusades and mass conformity. Even then, the strain between the public and the professor might be unbearable.

Wilson concluded that in liberal attitudes and tolerance, the American academic compared most favorably with other professionals. The academic system of merit was a progressive feature of American life. It established a sorely needed meritocracy within mass society.

In the following generation, this notion of meritocracy became the focus for numerous studies of the academic profession. The theme heard was that professors were "modern" in the best sense. They belonged to a vocational community that was more universal in its standards than others. They tended to reject the parochialism of ethnic, class, religious, political and nationalistic boundaries. They introduced students to Western, indeed cosmopolitan, forms of civility and rationality. They expressed a high degree of individual satisfaction in their work and its conditions. They displayed higher levels of taste and discretion in their patterns of consumption and personal lifestyle than other vocational groups.

In sum, professors were better socialized than others, more fulfilled and less frustrated in their lives, better informed, more understanding, and relatively better fit to live in the modern, industrial world. However, these very traits made academics vulnerable as scapegoats and targets of abuse in a mass society far less satisfied or adaptable. Virtues in the ivory tower became weaknesses outside of it. The more dedicated the academic to the values of his profession, the more prone he was to feel unappreciated by the public, apprehensive as a member of a liberal and tolerant minority and inferior in social recognition. Though academics belonged to a great profession, it was a beleaguered one.

Wilson's second line of argument proved over time to be as fruitful as the first, and drew upon the academic's own feelings of inferiority. Wilson examined the sources of tension within the academic structure—from graduate student to full professor, among scholar, teacher and administrator—and uncovered internal friction, human foibles, and even pathology in every category. The problem stemmed from intense individual competitiveness within the system, and the relative autonomy or independent authority of every actor, from the professor to the department chairman to the college dean to the higher administrator. None could really dictate to the other. Decisions required a display of bargaining and publicity. The competitiveness of the system, the constant need to adorn oneself with merit, dress up one's accomplishments and wear the symbols of prestige led to invidious comparisons between colleagues. Grudges, rivalry, treachery and political infighting could taint an atmosphere that was supposed to nourish the life of the mind.

Academics were insecure, and insecurity bred both pettiness and subversion within the profession. Burned-out scholars were threatened by productive ones. Both teachers and scholars resented the fact that administrators who often made careers out of committee work and local campus activities determined the salaries of everyone—and determined their own to be higher. The strain between income and the lifestyle of a sophisticated middle-class consumer easily embittered an academic, especially against those colleagues who seemed to be concerned only with perquisites, privileges and avoiding students.

In order to get ahead, and keep a name in print, an academic faced many temptations to pervert the scholarly standards: by claiming that textbooks were a research activity; by publishing the same book or article again and again in a new format; by breaking up scholarship into as many fragmented pieces as possible—always puttering away at a problem; by identifying with a school of thought that railed against a straw man or eternally drove one idea into the ground.

His own cynicism victimized an academic who was critical-minded by training, and mistrustful of unprofessional enthusiasm. Paranoia became an occupational hazard. Beginning as an apprentice graduate student under the wing of a protective mentor, the academic never again escaped his own feelings of helplessness. Every career goal became a test that, without a patron, could turn into an ordeal: the dissertation, a job, tenure, promotions, funds for research, released time from teaching, salary. Within the system, an extraordinary amount of manipulation and intimidation became possible and difficult to prevent. Moreover, statistically academics were older than other professionals before being certified, and by then they were often in debt and supporting a family. Commonly, the most vigorous years of an academic's life were spent before tenure was either granted or denied. Already the doctor and the lawyer were well established in


ALVIN W. GOULDNER

"A debunking sociologist of the first order" *

THE FUTURE OF INTELLECTUALS AND THE RISE OF THE NEW CLASS

"Argues that humanistic intellectuals and technical intelligensia have played a key historical role (e.g. in the revolutions in Russia, China, Cuba, Vietnam) and they mount an increasing challenge to the ruling classes in both communist and capitalist countries. Gouldner's analysis is many-faceted, penetrating, highly condensed."
—*Library Journal* Just published $8.95

THE DIALECTIC OF IDEOLOGY AND TECHNOLOGY: The Origins, Grammar and Future of Ideology

"Discusses the power of ideology in the transformation of selfhood.... Challenges the long held assumption that ideology represents a low form of cognitive life. Intriguing... fresh."
—*Sociology** Previously published $14.95

CONTINUUM BOOKS
THE SEABURY PRESS 815 Second Ave.• N.Y., N.Y. 10017




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the community and pulling in a substantial income. An academic could be into middle age before an emotional rage set in over cumulative feelings of helplessness, including the insignificance of so many professional relationships inside the workplace and the pedestrian quality of so much research. At that point, the job became a sinecure, and administration loomed as an alternative to scholarship.

The line of argument that focused on the perversions of academic life also has attracted a considerable body of literature. Droll wit, barbed anecdotes, and caricatures of social types—Robber Barons, Research Magnates, Academic Entrepreneurs—have been the means favored to describe the goings-on in the academic marketplace. Beneath the criticism can always be heard a savage note, an outburst of anger at the pretension, pomposity and elaborately wasted effort of academic lives. "The effort to stimulate effort can exceed effort itself," John Kenneth Galbraith lampooned his Harvard colleagues: "After three months' vacation in the summer, a professor takes a sabbatical leave in the autumn so that he will be rested and ready for a winter's leave of absence to work up a course on the work ethic."

Professors have too much freedom and lack accountability. Here lay the source of the criticism. The loose-lying power within the university, together with the difficulty of measuring serious achievement, have led to an extraordinary, destructive amount of conflict. Academic competitors aim to protect and enrich a turf; academic operators require a fief. Academic politics were as vicious as if money and power were at stake.

The preciousness of high-minded professors has spurred critics to ridicule and gossip about undignified vanities in the profession. Professor X disclosed that most professors about to lecture feared not their inability to present difficult material intelligibly—but to look down and see their flies open: "I have known professors who so fear it that they make a habit of checking their flies just before going into every class." The banalities have been endless.

## II

In 1942, Logan Wilson recognized the ambiguities of the academic system. Differences between administrators and scholars were initially functional, but they turned into differences of kind. The creative anarchy of a community of equals often forced academics to look upward toward a centralized, increasingly hierarchic authority in order to resolve the relentless squabbling. Institutional measures to stimulate scholarly productivity often led to a deterioration of quality, and even worse, sheer quantity. The man of knowledge within the university could only function when protected from the ambition, flamboyance and hypocrisy of political man; but universities had a way of sharpening the political instincts within academic man.

Today, what does Logan Wilson have to say, after having participated in an era of prosperity in American higher education? The critics of academic competence, and the disturbances of the 1960s, have made him defensive. In his rewritten book, Wilson comes down hard on the side of universities as "bastions of rationality and civility." He praises the meritoriousness of an academic system ideally organized to minimize bias and careerism. He defends the system's ability to regulate itself, to reward creative contributions to knowledge, and cultivate disciplined values in its members. Meritocracy works, especially at the best universities, where a pedestrian approach to a problem, no matter how prolific, would not receive the recognition given an imaginative or ingenious solution. "There must be a good many things right about the way universities are operated," he claims in a section on administrators. Academics never had it so good, and correspondingly they express a high degree of satisfaction with their lot. Though the price of competitiveness is high, Wilson admits, it does produce originality and excellence, without which we would "impede the forward thrust of our whole society. . . . All the competitors in this system are afforded the satisfaction of participation in a collective undertaking of unbounded social significance." The rhetoric sounds hollow.

The audience Wilson chooses to address has changed with his vantage point. In 1942, he wrote from within the ranks of a scholarly discipline, and his enthusiasm for the subject was revealed in the vitality of the prose and the strength of the insights. Combining a measure of discretion and daring, he pushed against the edges of the topic. Today Wilson writes from on high for an audience of educational policymakers, officials and administrators. His presentation is sane and readable, but at the same time benign and even perfunctory. Essentially what has changed between the *then* and the *now* is the accumulation of a multitude of studies and statistics that Wilson incorporates into the text. The effect is to flatten out the prose and structure his vision into categories that managers can employ.

**"After three months' vacation in the summer, a professor takes a sabbatical leave in the autumn so that he will be rested and ready for a winter's leave of absence to work up a course on the work ethic."**

The reflectiveness of Wilson's earlier work, its analytic power and excitement, its human understanding of the interplay between merit and subversion, are now missing. The current effort has an immediacy about it. What Wilson is saying is sensible enough; with the bleak demographic projections for higher education in the 1980s, academics should put their best image forward. In the long run, however, will not such a technique, by ignoring the all-too-human dimension of academic behavior, subvert the profession?

Wilson recognized the human dimension in his first book. By probing this feature of the academic profession, we can move deeper into its workings and see Wilson's original insight into the ambiguity of academic life from a different angle.

Something is amiss in Wilson's frame of reference. Examining the academic occupation, sociologists have studied forms of prestige, social roles and institutional mechanisms of control. But they have treated as sacred—dangerous either to probe or touch upon seriously—the central concern that justifies the existence of the university, that provides the sources of academic authority, and gives meaning to the system.

I mean *knowledge* itself, the nature of which in modern American life has profoundly influenced the development of the social organization of academic



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man. The sociological approach has overemphasized the primacy of social structure and social role as the setting in which knowledge emerges in an orderly institutional process. Historically speaking, the discovery and dissemination of knowledge has been anything but orderly, stable and unified. And the American university has matured as a social setting in which heated controversy can function without harming the public excessively. A history of knowledge reveals its lack of reliability or firmness. Fad, fashion and faith play no small role in the phenomenon we call knowledge.

The very process by which academics discover and disseminate knowledge is intensely human and passionate. Academic careers are often made by repudiation, denial and rebellion against past claims, by dispute between the "Young Turks" and the "Old Farts," by irreverent charges and countercharges that may harbor murderous feelings. Knowledge emerges by a process of revisionism, a perilous process in which spiritual violence can both inspire and infect human personalities.

The very activity of pursuing knowledge encourages academics to compete, to express themselves as people who invest heavily in their emotions. They become adversaries in a proceeding that may lead to a better understanding of the world. The possibilities of winning prizes and recognition, of becoming renowned, urges the players on, and disappointments can be keenly felt. Indeed, since a majority of scholars, scientists and teachers agree that they are making considerable financial sacrifices in order to remain in universities, their dedication and commitment calls for an uncompromising defense of their privileges and position.

The problem is that modern society depends for its orderly existence on reliable knowledge. Tradition, custom and local mores are inadequate. Patients trust the physician, for instance, because behind any particular performance lies an extended education, controlled by an academic profession, that appeals to a powerful and coherent idea called "health"—an idea that includes both a conceptual understanding of pathological processes and basic agreement on a recognized body of knowledge. Even the lawyer who specializes in the perversion of justice depends on public confidence in a profession that formally trains its members in powerful and coherent knowledge about "equity" and "justice." Implicitly the public depends on modern academics to discover, verify and disseminate reliable knowledge—the most basic ideas and information—about the universe and the social world.

On one side, knowledge provides the foundation for order. On another side, knowledge can jeopardize that order. The energetic process of its discovery and dissemination may frighten the layman. Committed by the very nature of his occupation to "enlightenment" and knowledge, the dedicated professor appears to be a threatening character. Quietly he may influence the maturing mind of a student to the distress of a family. Studiously he may develop a view of the world that champions unpopular causes. Methodically he may lend his expertise to the interests of corporations or the government. Diligently he may assume the role of cleric in scholarly defense of the status quo.

Historically, Americans have responded to their fears by abusing the "professor." They have viewed the type as anything from a grandiose trickster to an absent-minded, ineffectual pedant. "Professorial" often connotes a pompous and dogmatic individual who can tell people what to do with great authority but who seldom listens to others. Disputatious professors within the university both confirm the public's suspicion of academics *and* stimulate the process of knowledge.

Perhaps we should think of the university as a special combat zone within society, a boundary where academics enroll in the lists. Knowledge as truth is tested not only by accepted methodological procedures. It is also subjected to a process of review in which the conceit, envy and hypocrisy of personal antagonisms may appear. At times, academics seem to consume one another. To what end? Knowledge that survives may have validity for the historical moment. The little that outlasts the prolonged struggle for acceptance inside the academic arena becomes the ground for truths that can be widely accepted in an age. Controversy within the boundaries of the university protects the public against rapid changes in the knowledge-centered ideas that orient modern lives.

Logan Wilson closes the book on an era, and, with typical academic zeal, we need to further the controversy about the academic profession in America.

**Burton J. Bledstein**

*Burton J. Bledstein* is author of *The Culture of Professionalism* (Norton) and a professor of history at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle.

## Domestic Affairs: American Programs and Priorities by James Duffy

(Simon & Schuster; $10.95)

This is a fine book, a useful book, especially timely now that so many liberals are throwing up their hands in despair at making any significant impact on such intractable problems as inflation, unemployment and racial discrimination.

But before getting to the book's many excellencies, it must be said that the book won't reach the wide audience it merits and thus not have the substantial effect it might have had because of the way it was written. The author is plainly a deeply concerned man but much of his book reads like a legal brief; dry, sometimes even dull. There is something almost admirable in James Duffy's doggedness. If he thinks you need the facts of the legislative history of some issue, he gives them to you in great, even stupefying, detail.

Yet, occasionally, James Duffy the lawyer gives way to the real James Duffy, an Irishman with mocking wit and sly humor. He can't resist, for instance, pointing out that Richard Nixon, who prided himself on being Number One, was indeed the first president to resign, rather more notable than the other firsts Nixon claimed.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duffy apparently couldn't make up his mind whether he was writing a book for academics and lawyers, presumably inured to such dry prose, or one that would reach out for and arouse a wider public that might be able to spur a moribund government into action. If the real James Duffy had written the entire book, it would have been a rouser without sacrificing any of its substance. Even so, *Domestic Affairs* contains a solid critique of American domestic policy since the end of World War II and a good, sensible agenda for the future.

Although Duffy does not label himself, he is plainly an old-fashioned New Deal Democrat who believes that most of the things that most need doing can be done only by government. He's not intimidated by the notion of big government, yet he's not afraid to criticize it for waste, inefficiency or corruption. Unlike many present-day critics, he can distinguish between a good program poorly administered or inadequately financed and a poor program.

And just because a succession of presidents have abused their power, he doesn't believe in weak presidents. "If recent history teaches us anything it is that meaningful social programs can be formulated and executed only if there is forceful Presidential leadership, and possibly not even then." But he believes strong presidents should exercise their power openly, intelligently and, most of all, compassionately.

He admires the Lyndon Johnson of the Great Society. Surely, it's one of the tragedies of American history that the LBJ of the Great Society was devoured by LBJ the war maker. Wouldn't it be thrilling (no less a word will do) to again have a president who said the following words—and attempted to make them real?

*I want to be the President who educated children to the wonders of their world. I want to be the President who helped to feed the hungry and to prepare them to be taxpayers instead of taxeaters.*

*I want to be the President who helped the poor find their own way and who protected the right of every citizen to vote in every election.*

*I want to be the President who helped to end hatred among his fellow men and who promoted love among the people of all regions and all parties.*

**AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER**

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Duffy is scathing on the shameful behavior of the many in Congress who use busing (a "specious" argument) to undermine desegregation and on Congress's "abdication" of its responsibility to raise the level of education in those areas where the state and/or local governments cannot—or will not—spend adequately.

He is caustic in attacking the "*Commentary* crowd" (my term, not his), dismissing as "rubbish" such views as Nathan Glazer's that it is futile to try to solve social problems: "Our efforts to deal with distress themselves increase distress." Rubbish indeed. Such a view rationalizes a not-so-benign neglect, allowing those who've made it to forget those who haven't had the chance.

Duffy rejects as totally unacceptable the strategy of fighting inflation by allowing unemployment to increase, believing that it is already unacceptably high, that the nation has a fundamental responsibility to provide a decent job for every person willing to work. He believes, correctly of course, that the lack of jobs is basic to our racial problems and to the frightening problem of crime. He is not afraid to invoke the threat of wage and price controls (or to use them if necessary) as a weapon against inflation. Nor is he afraid to recommend economic planning, an essential practice that somehow has fallen into disrepute.

The author believes that the president and Congress should devote themselves primarily to domestic affairs. He recognizes, however, how seductive foreign affairs are for a president: they get big headlines and are, for all their difficulty, not nearly so politically dangerous as domestic affairs, where both Congress and the people are much more likely to be pulling in different directions.

Duffy says little about Carter since, given the glacial speed of book publishing (he calls it the last cottage industry), his manuscript was turned in a year or so ago. But one can only agree with Duffy on the primacy of domestic affairs. Carter will probably get the Nobel Peace Prize (and deserve it) for his efforts in the Middle East but his first job is to try to solve the terrible problems here at home.

Anyone likely to read this book (or even this review) knows what the major problems are. The question is what to do about them. Duffy says the government shouldn't stand around wringing its hands over the enormity of it all but should establish its priorities, consider the best possible action without waiting for yet another inconclusive commission report and plunge ahead.

His priorities are clear: foremost are unemployment and inflation because almost all the other problems are insoluble unless these are solved. But here Duffy's reformist views are inadequate. Training of the unemployed (to take one of his recommendations) is useless unless there are jobs to fill, even less than useless because a person whose hope has been raised will be even more frustrated and angry if he still can't get a decent job.

Duffy does not face the fact that our political and economic system as now constituted simply is incapable of providing enough decent jobs. It doesn't take an economist or a Marxist (and I am neither) to see that. Nor to see that the corporate sector, for all its squawking about government interference, is getting stronger at the local, state and federal levels.

Duffy, I fear, has more faith in the potential for reform than the facts warrant. And even if reform could do the job, it's simply not in the political cards with the president and the Congress we now have. The kind of profound reform Duffy sees as necessary (and although he is a *mere* reformer, as Marxists would say, he's not a timid one) is just not going to happen. This is not a liberal nation; only twice in recent decades (early in FDR's administration and after LBJ's 1964 landslide) have the president and Congress agreed on sweeping reforms. And liberalism, despite the lessons of Vietnam and Watergate, seems on the decline, with many self-styled liberals more concerned about the remote danger of the Soviet Union than the clear, present and growing danger of our crumbling cities. Thus, it would have been valuable if Duffy had discussed how liberalism might be revived to lead the nation to its necessary tasks.

What Duffy correctly sees as government action essential to our national well-being is fearfully expensive, yet he scarcely mentions where the money might come from. The only source, it seems to me, is the grossly swollen and growing "defense" budget. This would seem to mandate disarmament (something far beyond SALT treaties) as a top priority.

Yet despite these reservations, *Domestic Affairs* is a perceptive, solid and



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candid critique of the state of the union, certainly more so than any offered by any president in memory—except for Lyndon Johnson's brief, glorious moment. Furthermore, Duffy dispels the nonsense that our domestic affairs are beyond our control. We *can* make this a decent America if we are willing to face the facts and pay the price. But the facts are scary and the price is very high.

**Richard J. Walton**

*Richard J. Walton* is the author of *Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War* (Viking) and *Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy* (Viking).

# Brief Review

## Ghost Images by Stephen Minot

(Harper & Row; $9.95)

We have any number of recent American novels about the aging and unhappy outsider. But what of the aging, unhappy *insider*? The question is rich in suggestion. For if the tradition of Henry James, Edith Wharton, Fitzgerald, O'Hara and the early Cheever is in fact now abandoned, then we may be hazier than ever on just who is holding the strings in our country.

I raise the issue because it is the one that must finally give resonance to *Ghost Images*, Stephen Minot's thoughtful yet remarkably dramatic new novel.

His insider is Kraft Means, very much New England stock. He has the means, you see, in part because he is the heir to a fortune built on the China trade and in part because he has published a national bestseller on the history of radical politics in America. Those two poles of the man's make-up, as might be expected, give rise to no small private conflict. At his best Kraft is capable of genuine insight; he's a good father and a fair-minded political activist. His latest book, however, has him stuck. Closeted away in an isolated Nova Scotia house in order to write, he begins to drink too much instead, falls into an affair with a secretive and generally silent island girl, and conducts long conversations with his dead father.

If the madness of Moses Herzog sprawls all over, drips with talk and lasciviousness, Kraft Means suffers what seems a perfectly imagined WASP's insanity: spare, withered thinking every minute. The compulsive drinking and adultery bring to mind the confessions of Robert Lowell (indeed, there is a reference or two to the poet along the way). Not more than one sentence in a hundred seems unnecessary, and if Minot's quiet cadences are not always gorgeous or startling, neither are they ever graceless or flat.

More significantly, the plot allows no space for dwelling at length on the empty stretches in such a life. The book begins at the sudden ending of Kraft's two-month-long isolation, with the terrifying arrival of wife, kids, obligation:

> *Crack! A rifle shot! A second. He sprang upright, edge of his chair, flung from dreams, heart pounding. Again! Ah, the screen door slamming. They were back. Here already?*

Thereafter Kraft goes to seed with ever-louder explosions, and he reaches his nadir in less than a week of active socializing. His collapse is presented always in dramatic terms, whether so small and humorous as drunkenly spilling a glass of rum over his dinner in front of his editor, or so large and dangerous as waving a shotgun in the face of a minor Canadian official while the children look on.

Yet what most sets Minot apart is the skill and intelligence with which he works political and historical materials into his plot. His principal device is Kraft's fevered reading of the journals left behind by his father, another Kraft Means, who died when his namesake was 11. "The old man," as the protagonist still refers to him, was a robber baron of classic proportions. His journal sketches usury in bold, even unforgettable strokes:

> *Negro tenants still paying 10% to 15% higher rent to move into mixed neighborhoods which don't stay mixed for long. Block must be sold just before tip point. Timing is everything.*

Kraft Means Jr. has committed the deepest passions of his life to a revolt against this mercenary existence. Since his father left the stage so young, a confrontation that should have taken place in adolescence has instead stretched nearly into the son's fifth decade. Indeed, the problem disturbs Kraft far more profoundly than either of his women, and their resulting superficiality is the book's weakest point. Yet even their occasional one-dimensionality becomes in time an integral part of Kraft's emotional crisis: he is seduced more by the ghost images of a life gone for good after the 1930s than by any contemporary flesh and blood. At one point, for example, Kraft reveals the thesis of the book that has him so mired. He wishes to prove that the struggle of the rich to throw off Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a kind of class schizophrenia, in which the wealthy were like drowning men fighting a lifeguard—an admirably adroit expression of Kraft's own psychological dilemma, resisting the saving efforts of family and friends. In so far as such a strange allegory works (what would you call it? socio-politico-historico?), the book succeeds as very few do. Despite its outward similarity to a good many other novels, *Ghost Images* is at its heart idiosyncratic. Minot has, to use a fine and durable Yankee word, gumption.

**John Domini**

*John Domini* teaches expository writing at Harvard.

---

**Correspondence,** *from page 7*

training in "public policy" can be more valuable than specialized training in developing national energy policy. What sort of training have lawyers been given who attempt to formulate policy every day in Congress and the Executive branch? The same sort of generalist training. He maintains that public policy schools mask their training in pseudo-scientific models and quantitative jargon. While true to a point maybe, it is not unlike the jargon of the legal profession or any other profession for that matter.

I can only say I feel good about Mr. Kupferberg. My fledgling profession of public policy must have come of age if lawyers are feeling threatened.

*Douglas Henton*
*Washington, DC*

**Coming:**
Michael Wood on Evelyn Waugh's War Trilogy.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

## Personals

SUPER APPEALING wdf seeks high powered, educated, unattached, honorable, heterosexual man aged 45-65 of honor and charm as escort, companion, etc. NYC area. Please reply in some detail to: TNR Box 9200.

Warm, good natured, easy to get along with NYC male 24 years old seeks relationship with female interested in politics, film, literature, travel, tennis (beginner), good people and having a good time. Respond to TNR Box 9210.

"REUBENS"—FIGURED WOMAN, fifties, tall, bright, attractive, congenial. Chicago. TNR Box #9185

Abhor Jewish "Singles" Groups? Meet cultured counterparts of exemplary genre. Send stamped envelope. COUNTERPARTS, 1804 South Blvd., Evanston, Illinois 60202

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $2.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

CULTURED SINGLES CLUB - Discriminating singles anxious to meet you. Box 342136, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: NR36, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

## Et Cetera

CARVER COUNTY DECOYS, hand carved-*painted wood duck, mallard, others. Great* Father's Day Gift! Brochure 50¢. Snowdrift, P.O. Box 1904, Fargo, ND 58107.

Certainly you have roots, and our ancestral chart for Husband and Wife can record twelve generations of them. Its antique-like paper is a generous 22 X 34 with space for over 240 names. Arrives in its own mailing tube. Super Gift. $3.00 Norgena, Dept. NR, Box 197 Bklyn. N.Y. 11205.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

HOUSE HUNTING? Use our detailed checklist to detect costly problems before you buy! Send $3.00 to Archer Co., PO Box 18134, Washington, DC 20021.

## Literature

The U.S. In Bible Prophecy. $1. Heritage, Box 26111-R, San Jose, Calif. 95159.

**THINGS FOR KIDS TO GROW WITH**
Books and other special items to make your children or grandchildren's lives a little fuller, minds a little broader, days a little better. Preschool through early teens. For FREE 32-page catalog call TOLL FREE 800-553-1163 (continental U.S. except Iowa) or write: The Kids' Corner, Dept. 7909, 1235 W. 5th Street, Davenport, IA. 52808.

KEY TO JFK MURDER
What the House hearings excluded. $4.75. Graham, PO Box 421, Portland, Oregon, 97207.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. *Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston* Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Booklet! Power and Confidence. This is an amazing volume complete with 164 pages. Guaranteed to improve your life. Send just $3.00, James March, 8035 South Steward, Chicago, Illionis 60620

LIMITED AND TRADE editions. Fiction, nonfiction; Color, black and white. Designed, written with excellence in mind. THE TIDAL PRESS, Cranberry Isles, ME 04625. FREE CATALOGUE.

NO WINNERS is a humorous, provocative, insightful book by a convicted bookmaker about gamblers and convicts. Send $4.75 to Ipse Dixit Press, Box 4277, St. Paul, MN 55104.

## Literary Services

Search Service Specialists. Free. No obligation. Out-Of-Print books located. Collector's lists solicited. Books Unlimited, Vaughn Hill, Bolton, Mass. 01740

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dept. R, 207, E. 21st St., NYC, NY 10010

LITERARY AGENT SEEKS authors, book length fiction/nonfiction. Reading fee. GELLER, 4515 Twelfth Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219.

PUBLISHING OPTIONS—We invented them! Comprehensive book publishing/production services for authors and organizations. Free manuscript report. Inquiries invited. Dorrance & Company, Dept. BK, Ardmore, PA 19003.

## Position Wanted

**NEED HELP TO GET YOUR PROJECT OFF THE GROUND?**
Former Federal/State Program Manager with diverse background (Human-Urban Services, Civil Rights, Poverty and Manpower Programs) seeks commensurate assignment. Perceptive of the meritocracy modus operandi - the ways it thinks, feels, operates. Considerable writing, analytical, research, field skills. RESULTS ORIENTED. TNR Box 9205.

## Employment Opportunities

WORK IN JAPAN! No experience, degree, or Japanese required. Teach English conversation. Send long, stamped, self-addressed envelope for details. Japan - 13, P.O. Box 336, Centralia, WA. 98531.

TEACHING AND ADMINISTRATIVE positions available in elementary and secondary INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS throughout the US and abroad. Register with Robert M. Sandoe & Associates, national and international placement service. Call (toll free) 800-225-7986 or from Massachusetts (617) 262-5380.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpose. That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps or VISTA *volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin America,* Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one—and two—year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles & couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peace Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 An Equal Opportunity Program.

## Research Positions

R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s, Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston, Taxas 77030.

## Instruction

Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 64568, Oakland, California 94612.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo, 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

## Associations

**WHY!?**

We are a new association dedicated to the consumers who are overpaying for everything because our government in all branches and all levels does **NOTHING**. We need your help. We can't do it alone. We need your $1 or $2. Our first target is the oil industry. Help us help you. **WHY!?**, 1237 E. Main St. Rochester, NY 14609.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Recipes

SICILIAN TREAT . . . Vegetarian Spaghetti Sauce - Thick, rich, joyful preparation. $1.00/S.A.S.E., D.M.S., Box 573, Pueblo, Colorado 81003.

## Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional Instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

**CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE**

Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories. Traditional Elegant Designs.

Early Music Stands

*Free Catalog*

Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

## Bumperstickers and Buttons

"DRAFT KENNEDY 1980" - Buttons $1.00, 6/$5.00. SELCO, 2810 Avenue L, Brooklyn, NY 11210.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE. Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

## Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

## Summer Camps

**WILDERNESS ADVENTURE FOR TEENAGERS** in Western Rocky Mountains. Backpacking, Technical Rock Climbing, Survival, Glacier Climbing, Rafting, and Kayaking. For details write: Wilderness Adventures, 6678 S. Arapahoe Drive, Littleton, Colorado 80120 Phone 303-794-9518.

# THE GREAT ESCAPES

## Vacation/Travel

CASA ANDORRA, CULEBRA ISLAND, P.R. Waterfront houses, sleep six. Unspoiled, casual. Weekly. Box 526, Bronxville, NY 10708. (914) 961-6591

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

**Off-Off Season Bonus Nights:** Beach front villa, untouristy Jamaican fishing village; staffed; tennis. Noel, 141 Ridgefield, Hartford, CT 06112. (203) 247-0759.

## ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

US VIRGIN ISLANDS: Small, intimate hotel on a beautiful beach. Modern one bedroom apartments only $32.00 for two including maid service. Write: King Frederik, P.O. Box 1908, Fredriksted, USVI 00840.

## Expedition

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places: Galapagos. Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' Yacht. Shipmates wanted. Share expenses. Write YANKEE TRADER, P. O. Box 120, Dept. No. 2, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

**SEND YOURSELF TO CAMP!**

**Adult** Summer Camp in the Beautiful Berkshires

**WEEKLY, JULY 1 - SEPTEMBER 3, 1979**

- Archery
- Arts & Crafts
- Canoeing
- COLORWAR!
- Dance
- Drama
- Field Sports
- Free Play
- Nature
- Photography
- Swimming
- Tennis
- Volleyball
- AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

WRITE OR CALL:

**CAMP CAREFREE**

2920 Upton Street NW
Washington DC 20008
202/362-6525 • 212/799-5896

## Summer Rentals

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL summer rental 4, 6, 8 weeks. 4 bdrms. furnished 2 miles Marlboro. Screened porch, Dr. Charles Orden 219 Birchwood Pk. Dr., Jericho, NY 11753

**DUTCHESS COUNTY, NY.** 1750 four BR colonial house, 1½ hrs. on parkway from NYC. FOUR ACRE PRIVATE LAKE, beach, swimming, fishing, lawn caretaker. Fully furnished, dishwasher, piano, TV, 1½ baths, children's play areas. 6 wks., July 21st - August 31st. $2000 TNR Box 9175.

## Year Round Rentals

LONDON TOWNHOUSE for rent beginning July 1st, 3-4 BR, centrally located, rent approximately 370 pounds sterling monthly. For more details write: TNR Box #9190.

SABBATICAL? WRITER? Attractively furnished year-round four-bedroom home on quiet New Hampshire lake is perfect spot. (203) 966-1951.

# INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

## Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect*: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036 (202) 331-7494

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Washington Diarist

*As Bartlett Once Said*

**The editors of** *Fortune* magazine have complained about what they claim is the introduction by the left of "sexual innuendoes into US foreign policy." They refer to a recent liberal tendency of "caricaturing their critics' proposals as 'machismo'—which is plainly a cheap *ad hominem* argument." Well now. Let's consider the origins of this particular type of ad hominem attack. As *Fortune* admits, Joe McCarthy started it all by blaming the allegedly dovish tendencies of the State Department upon its infiltration by too many "limp wrists." Whenever a belligerent foreign policy comes under attack, proponents invariably resort to variations on the idea that the nation's manhood is at stake. Lyndon Johnson explained that the US had to go to war in Vietnam because "if you let a bully come into your front yard one day, the next day he'll be up on your porch and the day after that he'll rape your wife in your own bed." Presidents Nixon and Ford were given to less colorful but no less definite evocations of the need for a virile foreign policy. I hope the editors of *Fortune* will forgive me for my inability to remember any occasion when they criticized the use of sexual metaphors to defend the sorts of policies they like. They missed a recent chance when their confederates at the *Wall Street Journal* likened President Carter to the child on the playground whose cowardice makes him the target of every bully around. So when critics of the right ridicule the cult of *machismo* in foreign policy, they are not introducing an irresponsible ad hominem element into the public debate: they are trying to raise the level of discussion from where some conservatives would like to conduct it. Being "tough" in world politics is not a policy; it is a slogan. I'll make a deal with the editors of *Fortune*: if their ideological allies will quit making every upheaval in the third world a test of our manhood, then I for one will quit making fun of them for it.

**One of the advantages** of living in Washington lies in the extended opportunities to watch journalists making fools of themselves. Martin Schram, a White House correspondent for the *Washington Post*, happened to stop by the office of Pat Caddell, President Carter's pollster prodigy, just before the signing of the Mideast treaty. Caddell shyly let Schram see a letter he had written his boss, the president, in which he quoted Edmund Burke's tribute to Charles James Fox: "He may live long. He may do much. But here is the summit. He can never exceed what he does this day." Wrote the dazzled Schram: "This is what a politician gets when his pollster went to Harvard." What is Schram suggesting here? If he means that Harvard students are any more likely than those of other colleges to spend their undergraduate years reading 18th-century parliamentary debates, I think he is misled. If he means that Harvard graduates are more brazen and more skillful than most other people at sucking up to big shots in order to further their own ambitions, he may have a point. My own employers have imposed a ban on any further quotations from Burke in my writing (and Dr. Johnson too), but this is no great strain on my Harvard education since Mr. Bartlett provides many suitable alternatives. I suspect Pat Caddell may be another Harvard man who has discovered this useful volume.

**Following the near-catastrophe** at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, defenders and critics of nuclear power have been competing to discredit themselves. I haven't made up my mind on the subject, but the arguments one hears suggest this issue may be one where both sides manage to be wrong. *National Review*, which had the misfortune of devoting an entire recent issue to a defense of nuclear power, conceded with obvious discomfort that the accident was "the worst ever in the Free World" and that the "behavior of the utility was scandalous." The editors also found themselves forced to criticize (gingerly) the Nuclear Regulatory Commission for, of all things, not regulating the plant closely enough—not the type of criticism *National Review* makes lightly, or often. But the editors reserved their bitterest words for nuclear power's foes, castigating the film *The China Syndrome* for saying that a meltdown would mean an area "the size of Pennsylvania would be rendered permanently uninhabitable." Say *NR*'s editors in soothing tones, "The worst *possible* nuclear accident would contaminate 290 square miles, none of which would become 'permanently' uninhabitable (Hiroshima is inhabitable)." It is reassuring indeed to know that the residents of Harrisburg faced a fate no grimmer than that cheerfully endured by Hiroshima's inhabitants over the last 34 years.

**The New Yorker**, on the other hand, offered a view of the Harrisburg incident as fuzzy-headed as *National Review*'s was callous. Pointing out that pregnant women were among the first to be evacuated as a precautionary measure, the anonymous writer proceeded directly to the conclusion that "The lesson was plain: when atomic fission is brought in, the human future is driven out." He or she went on, "The Faustian proposal that the experts make to us is to let them lay their fallible human hands on eternity, and it is unacceptable." Like most of the *New Yorker*'s political commentary, these pensées reflected an attitude that poetry can be a substitute for analysis. Wringing one's hands about the impending doom of mankind and wailing about deals with the devil permit one to ignore the need for assessing more prosaic issues. To conclude from one accident in Pennsylvania that the very survival of the human species is in imminent peril is, to put it mildly, a bit hasty. The *New Yorker*'s editors should know that all progress involves "Faustian proposals," since it requires the acceptance of certain costs and risks. If both sides of the nuclear power issue would be kind enough to leave Satan out of the discussion, there might emerge some sober answers to all the questions raised by the Harrisburg accident.

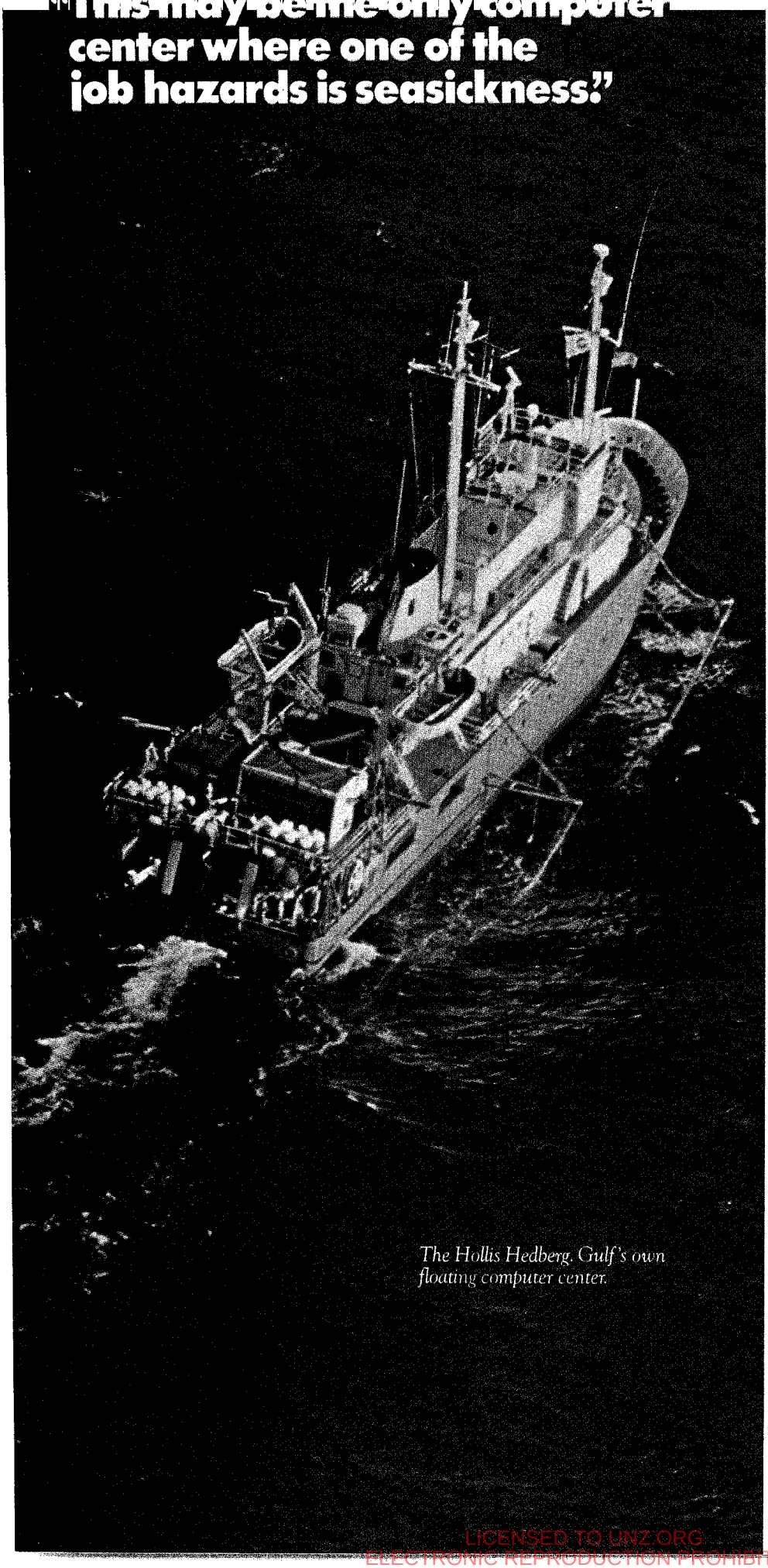
**The Washington Star** reports that the school board of Ames, Iowa, is considering a measure to prohibit the hiring of smokers for any school district jobs. The city elders apparently think the minds of Iowa youth too malleable to be exposed to the dangerous influence of tobacco addicts. "Smoking is one of the most insidious things that there are," said board member Bob Depee. "They [students] look to a role model . . . and point to him and say he is a brilliant man and why can't I do it." Obviously years have passed since Mr. Depee was a student. Unless things have changed radically since I was in high school, most students take rock musicians or movie stars as their role models and regard their teachers as hopeless drudges. If Mr. Depee really wants to discourage smoking, he should *require* all teachers to smoke in class, which would quickly dispel any glamor that attaches to tobacco in the minds of impressionable teenagers. It's an interesting commentary on our changing mores that this proposal comes barely six months after Californians roundly rejected a proposal to permit the dismissal of homosexuals from teaching jobs in the public schools. Most liberals welcomed this expression of tolerance, but apparently even the new libertarianism has its limits.

**S.C.**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "This may be the only computer center where one of the job hazards is seasickness."



*The Hollis Hedberg. Gulf's own floating computer center.*

"This computer center happens to be on the *Hollis Hedberg*," says Gulf Research Geophysicist John McDonald. "It's the only research vessel in the industry that has complete data processing right on board. And that makes all the difference.

"The typical oil exploration ship is equipped only to record raw data from whatever equipment it has on board to detect oil deposits under the ocean floor. Usually they

*"On-board computers help you learn a lot more, a lot faster."*

have seismic sounding gear, occasionally magnetometers and gravity meters. The raw data gets sent to an onshore computer center for analysis, and by the time analysis is complete, the ship could be a thousand miles away.

"By contrast, the *Hedberg* has a full complement of recording equipment, including hydrocarbon 'sniffers,' and with computers right on board, we can make a preliminary analysis immediately. If it looks good, we go back for a second look at that location.

"It could take five or six years between the time you find an oil deposit and the time you actually start drilling for oil, so any time we save in exploration puts the country that much closer to a new supply of petroleum.

"It's a real challenge, trying to find that invisible spot under the seabed that's likely to produce oil. But the *Hedberg* is one of the best ways there is of finding it."

Gulf

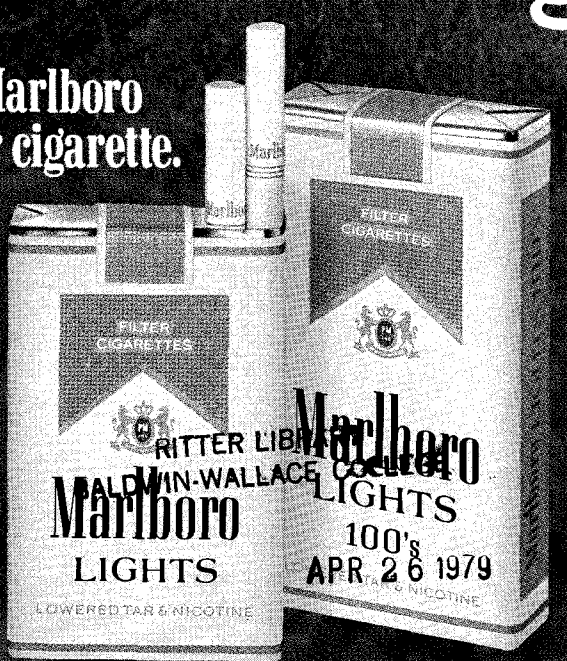
**Gulf people: meeting the challenge.**

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.




RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
APR 26 1979

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED